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THE GUNS IN SUSSEX.

Light green of grass and richer green of
bush

Slope upwards to the darkest green of
fir;

How still! How deathly still! And yet
the hush

Shivers and trembles with some sub-
tle stir,
Some far-off throbbing, like a muffled
drum,

Beaten in broken rhythm oversea,
To play the last funeral march of some
Who die today that Europe may be
free.

The deep-blue heaven, curving from
the green,

Spans with its shimmering arch the
flowery zone;

In all God's earth there is no gentler
scene,

And yet I hear that awesome
monotone;

Above the circling midge's piping shrill,
And the long droning of the questing
bee,

Above all sultry summer sounds, it
still

Mutters its ceaseless menaces to me.

And as I listen all the garden fair

Darkens to plains of misery and
death,

And looking past the roses I see there
Those sordid furrows, with the
rising breath

Of all things foul and black. My heart
is hot

Within me as I view it, and I cry,

"Better the misery of these men's lot
Than all the peace that comes to
such as I!"

And strange that in the pauses of the
sound

I hear the children's laughter as
they roam,

And then their mother calls, and all
around

Rise up the gentle murmurs of a
home.

But still I gaze afar, and at the sight
My whole soul softens to its heart-
felt prayer,

"Spirit of Justice, Thou for whom they
fight,

Ah, turn, in mercy, to our lads out
there!

"The froward peoples have deserved
Thy wrath,

And on them is the Judgment as of
old.

But if they wandered from the hal-
lowed path,

Yet is their retribution manifold.

Behold all Europe writhing on the
rack,

The sins of fathers grinding down the
sons,

How long, O Lord!" He sends no
answer back,

But still I hear the mutter of the
guns.

Arthur Conan Doyle.

The Times.

PAN PIPES.

In the green spaces of the listening
trees

Pan sits at ease,

Watching with lazy eyes

Little blue butterflies

That flicker sidelong in the fitful
breeze;

While on his pipe he plays

Quaint trills and roundelays

With dropping cadences;

And shy red squirrels rub against his
knees.

And, thro' the city's tumult and the
beat

Of hurrying feet,

Those whom the god loves hear

Pan's pipe, insistent, clear;

Echoes of elfin laughter, high and
sweet;

Catch in the sparrows' cries

Those tinkling melodies

That sing where brooklets meet,

And the wood's glamour colors the
gray street.

Punch.

THE AMERICAN AVIATION PROGRAM.

The large total of 640,000,000 dollars provided for the construction of aeroplanes and the training of the necessary pilots, observers, mechanics, etc., shows that, though the American aviation services have to be created from top to bottom, the determination of our new Allies to carry out their huge program is most serious. They have already set to work with a will to execute it. And, it is important to note it has been stated on reliable authority that the machines are to be of the most approved British and French types. The Americans have had enough common sense to recognize that the avions built, thus far, by their constructors are not fit for war purposes. They have consequently invited the British and French aviation authorities to assist them, not only by furnishing them with the plans and specifications of their machines, but by instructing them in all matters concerning the organization of their aviation services.

When, immediately after the declaration of war by the United States, it was announced that America would construct an immense aerial fleet, Orville Wright said: "I do not believe the war can be ended by any other method with so little loss of life and property." He was probably right, and though the number of aeroplanes to be built is only 22,000 instead of the 100,000 first spoken of, his assertion loses none of its weight. Every day the war has lasted has served to demonstrate to the British and French the indispensable character of the avion in modern warfare, and the decision now taken by the Americans to send a formidable aerial force to Europe, can but act as an additional stimulus to them to make yet more strenuous efforts to secure that mastery in the air which is an

all-important factor of superiority on the earth. The Entente Powers will therefore continue to increase and strengthen their aerial forces which, with the addition of the avions the Americans will furnish, should insure the retention of that superiority in the air which has been already wrested from the Germans. The Germans, however, in the hope of regaining it, have, it is affirmed, abandoned altogether the building of Zeppelins, and converted Friedrichshafen into a great aeroplane factory. But in spite of all the efforts the Germans may make to augment their aerial fleet, our superiority should be rendered sufficiently complete to blind the enemy's artillery, and at the same time keep the eyes of the British, French, and American commanders wide open: that is to say, the aerial forces of the Entente Powers should be strong enough to beat back, capture, or destroy every hostile aeroplane seeking to penetrate over their lines, to reconnoitre and discover the positions of batteries, fortified places, troops, etc., and to make incursion over the territory occupied by the foe to learn his military secrets a comparatively easy matter.

To reconnoitre and direct the fire of artillery are two indispensable services rendered by aeroplanes, but they have made their action felt in many other ways. They have bombarded with good effect munitions depôts and factories, fortified places, camps, etc. They have flown far over the enemy's territory, and it is only natural to anticipate that, with the addition of the American aerial contingent, and the ever-increasing importance of the British and French aerial forces, those journeys will ere long be effected with still larger fleets. The assistance in aerial warfare the Americans can

render the Entente Powers is therefore most valuable, and their intention to do their utmost to give it is unquestionable. The voting of the big aviation grant is no bluff, but the task they have undertaken will probably prove more difficult to perform than they imagine even now. Admitting that it is possible for them, with their powerful industrial organizations, to construct the 22,000 aeroplanes, as they hope to do, by the end of June, 1918, in spite of the inevitable delays resulting from the modifications which future experience in the war will render advisable and even indispensable, and that the necessary motors suitable for the various types of avions can be provided within the time-limit, there still remains the difficult and delicate task of training the great number of pilots who will be required. The aerodromes for their instruction have to be created, the machines on which the pupils will have to practise flight do not yet exist in anything like sufficient numbers, and the professors have to be found. The "output" of pilots, if that expression be permissible in speaking of such brave men, would have to be 100 per week to provide 5,200 pilots in twelve months. If the Americans succeed in making that number of really skilled pilots within that period of a year, the result will be most brilliant, especially as in the first months they cannot terminate the training of one single man.

The French employ a method of selection from among the volunteers for service as pilots in the aviation corps. It was invented by Doctors Camus and Nepper. It consists in tests of the applicant's physical aptitudes. With the aid of ingenious instruments the candidate's nervous reactions are mechanically inscribed. In war the safety of the pilot and the success of his mission

must often depend on rapidity of action. A fraction of a second between the perception of a sound, the instant when an object is perceived or a shock felt, and the requisite action to avert the danger is often of vital importance. Doctors Camus and Nepper have succeeded in measuring that lapse of time which, for military aviators, should be but a small fraction of a second. The same doctors, knowing that a military aviator has not only to pilot his machine safely, but also to fight, have invented an apparatus to ascertain his emotional reactions. The instrument inscribes the applicant's sang-froid, or his lack of that quality. The application of those tests has proved very useful for the elimination of candidates physically unfit for service in the aviation corps as pilots. Doctors Camus and Nepper do not pretend that every man who undergoes the tests successfully will make a good military aviation pilot, but they contend that those men who fail to pass are physically unfit for such service. By adopting this or some similar test, the Americans would avoid great loss of time in the training of aviation pupils who, after considerable training, might be found physically incapable of performing the work required of them. There is, however, a physical aptitude indispensable for a good military aviation pilot to test which no apparatus has yet been invented. It is the ability to ascend to a high altitude without feeling emotion calculated to diminish the pilot's capacities. It is not a question of the strength or weakness of the heart, which can, of course, be easily ascertained. At the beginning of the war the military aviators rarely ascended higher than 600 or 1,000 metres (1,968 or 3,280 feet). At the present time battles in the air are frequently fought at altitudes varying between 3,000 and 4,000 metres (9,840 and

13,120 feet). Many aviators who are in possession of all their faculties while flying at the height of 1,000 or even 2,000 metres (3,280 or 6,560 feet) cannot ascend to a greater altitude without losing their self-possession.

That being said, it is useful to indicate what the huge American Aviation Program really means. "The Man-in-the-street" seems to imagine that immense fleets of thousands of American aeroplanes will soon be seen flying over Germany, bombarding the Krupp factory at Essen, Berlin, and the other capitals of the German States. Undoubtedly such expeditions will be undertaken by the Entente Allies with more important aerial forces, and more frequently than heretofore; but it must be remembered that the Americans cannot, even with the complete execution of their aviation program, ever have at the same time anything approaching 22,000 avions in service. Though money has been spent lavishly on the creation and organization of the British and French aviation services, it is not divulging any secret to say that the two nations have never had so many avions fit for military and naval operations in their possession. The average length of life of a military aeroplane in active service is not more than four months; therefore, to maintain a fleet of 22,000 avions at the front, the construction of 66,000 a year would be necessary. As the American grant provides for the building of only 22,000 within the next twelve months, and as the machines will be put into service gradually, it must be taken for granted that the very largest number which can be in service at the same time will be between 7,000 and 10,000. And it does not at all follow that all those machines will be available all together for reconnoitring, bombarding, etc. On the contrary, each pilot should have at his

disposal two avions. If he has only one, half his time, and probably more will be spent in doing nothing during the repair of his avion or its motor. Consequently, it would seem a liberal estimate to reckon that the construction of 22,000 aeroplanes could at no moment of the year furnish an aerial reconnoitring and fighting force of more than 5,000, especially as in both the British and French aviation services two aeroplanes per pilot are not considered sufficient. Under these circumstances it is agreeable to note the declarations of General Squiers in charge of the execution of the American aviation program. He says it is no secret that the 640,000,000 dollars voted for the creation of the American aviation services "is only the forerunner of another grant equally big." It is certain that to maintain even 5,000 avions working at the front it will be necessary for the Americans to build at least three times that number per annum. That will no doubt be attempted, and perhaps achieved. At any rate, General Squiers's conception of the mission confided to him would lead the world to think so. He says: "The conception I have of my duty is not only to launch an attack by way of the air, but to create a veritable 'inundation of aeroplanes.' We intend to furnish the 'cavalry of the sky,' which will contribute to the final victory." On his side Mr. Howard Coffin, President of the American Aviation Commission, knows very well "the building of aeroplanes is not like shaking leaves from a tree." Referring to the training of the necessary number of pilots, he adds: "Already three of our twenty-four great training-grounds for aviators are ready, and on those grounds training has begun. . . . My fellow-countrymen have given us money and men; let our Allies give us confidence and credit."

The addition of 5,000 American avions to the ever-increasingly large number of military and naval aeroplanes possessed by Great Britain and France would constitute an extremely valuable reinforcement of the Entente Powers' aerial forces, though it would not have that overwhelmingly powerful character which too many people appear to imagine. The Germans are thoroughly alive to the vital importance of aeroplanes in the present conflict, and in presence of the strenuous efforts they are making to regain supremacy in the air by the construction of such powerful aerial craft as the Gotha, propelled by two 250 h.p. engines, and armed with four *mitrail-leuses*, nothing could indicate more clearly the immense services the Americans can render their Allies than the following extract from a German official document, found in possession of a prisoner. It is the general report of the battle of the Somme, drawn up by the Staff of General von Bellow, Commander of the First German Army, which had to bear the brunt of the battle and which suffered such severe losses:—

Our aviators were very seldom able to execute long-distance reconnoitring expeditions. Our artillery aviators were driven back as soon as they attempted to cross the enemy's lines to regulate the fire of our batteries. Reconnoitring by photography did not furnish the indications demanded of it. The consequence was that, often at decisive moments, our infantry could not obtain support from our artillery, either by counter-action against the enemy's artillery, or by an annihilating fire on the hostile infantry awaiting the word of command to attack. Our artillery suffered serious losses in its *personnel* and material from the enemy's artillery, of which the fire was regulated by perfect aerial observations, without ours being able to engage in the

struggle. During the attacks our infantry and artillery were, moreover, exposed to the attacks of the hostile aviators, and the moral effect resulting from it was undeniable. One of the causes of that inferiority was the limited number of our aviators, which was in the proportion of one to ten. Moreover, they could not be effectually supported by our anti-aircraft guns, of which the small number was diminished by the great losses in material caused by the Anglo-French artillery fire, and by the wearing out of the tubes, resulting from abnormal service. And we possessed no telephonic aerial defense, so that the arrival of the enemy's aviators was always announced too late. Lastly, our fighting aerial squadrons were stationed too far in the rear, and some of them were provided with C machines, which are, so to say, unfit for aerial battle.

This long general report of the great battle concludes with the well-founded assertion: "Nothing but the presence in useful time, of a great aerial force can insure success."

That the Germans have profited by the lesson thus taught them in 1916 is demonstrated by the now frequent use of groups of fighting avions, superior both in numbers and armament to those formerly employed, to support the attacking waves of infantry by flying low and firing on their enemies. Without neglecting the primary duties of the aerial services, those of reconnoitring and regulating the fire of artillery, our enemies are every day extending more and more the employment of aeroplanes in conjunction with the other arms. To counter such combined attacks, and to organize similar combined action against the foe, all the aid the Americans can furnish will not be more than will be required, because the sooner the Germans are thoroughly mastered in the air, the sooner the land forces of

the Entente Powers will be able to impose their mastery over them on the earth.

The struggle for that mastery between the Entente Powers and the Central Empires will therefore increase in intensity. The genius of inventors in both groups of nations will continue to be enlisted to produce more and more powerful machines of various types, each better adapted to the services it is intended to render than the aeroplanes employed today. It is consequently not only a question of quantity but one of quality. A great deal has been said about the advisability of unifying the aeroplanes in use in the armies of the Entente Powers, in order that the spare parts of one machine may serve for another. Something has been done in that way; but the spare parts of a big, bombarding aeroplane cannot be made to fit a swift, fighting one. However, with the object of obtaining as great uniformity as possible, the Americans have adopted the metric system of weights and measures for the building of their air-craft and their motors, all of which—that is to say, both the flying apparatuses and the engines; are to be copies of the most approved types in use in the British and French armies.

The aeroplane and the submarine are the two new factors revolutionizing warfare on land and sea. In this connection it is interesting and important to note that if the submarine is powerless against the seaplane, the seaplane can be employed with good effect against the submarine. It can discover the whereabouts of the submarine much more easily than any surface craft. Flying at the height of 100 or 200 metres (328 or 656 feet) it can, in a fairly calm sea, descry the vessel even when it is navigating at a considerable depth, and failing favorable weather, it can detect the wake

the submarine leaves on the surface of the water. It can swoop down on the enemy and attack it with bombs regulated to explode at a given depth. If the submarine is navigating on the surface, its destruction by the hydroplane is all the less difficult. In any case, having discovered the presence of a submarine, the hydroplane can promptly warn the merchant-vessels in the vicinity to be on their guard, and, if necessary, to alter their course.

No one need feel disappointment because the Americans cannot hope to maintain in actual active service in Europe an aerial fleet of more than 5,000 aeroplanes during the coming year. That number, or even half of it, with the increased power of the British and French aviation corps, would almost certainly place the enemy's aerial forces in a position of marked inferiority. It would be something like a miracle if the Germans could keep pace with Great Britain, France, and the United States in building aircraft and training pilots, especially as the wastage of their machines, and the casualties among their pilots have for many months been greater than the losses suffered by the Entente Powers. It is therefore not unreasonable to expect that the arrival of the American aeroplanes on the Western front will result in the three great Allies obtaining a sufficiently complete mastery in the air to enable them most materially to hasten a decisive victory.

Formidable battles between fleets of avions will nevertheless have to be fought, but the bombardment of the enemy's camps, etc., in the rear of the fighting lines, will be effected on a much larger scale than heretofore. The wrecking of munitions factories, far in the interior of Germany, by means of bombs dropped by imposing fleets of avions, will make the Germans feel that, if their territory is not yet

invaded by land forces, war is carried into it in a very effectual manner. That warfare, directed against places of military importance, will inevitably result in the unintentional killing and wounding of non-combatants. There is, however, something so repugnant to the vast majority of the Anglo-Saxon race in the idea of wreaking vengeance on unarmed, defenseless people, even for the most heinous crimes committed by other persons, though those persons belong to the same race and nation, that it is unlikely that reprisals for the German aeroplane and Zeppelin raids over England and

The Contemporary Review.

France will be sanctioned. Moreover, apart from sentiment, the fact remains that the explosives can be more usefully employed in wrecking war-material factories, railway lines, bridges, naval arsenals, shipping, U-boats in port, etc., than in killing women, children, and old men. And in addition to the services the Allies' avions will render by aerial bombardments, and by participation in battles on the earth with their *mitrailleuses*, it may be possible for the seaplanes to attack, cripple, and perhaps wreck German war-vessels in port, or even at sea.

T. F. Farman.

THE REICHSTAG AND ECONOMIC PEACE.

The crisis over "war-aims" in the German Reichstag came upon us suddenly, and we have not yet exhausted its whole significance. Our interest in it turned primarily on the simple fact that a large majority of the representatives of the German people had for the first time renounced aims of conquest. It meant less and more than this. The renunciation was not categorical or unconditional: it was part of a brief but comprehensive formula in which the new Three-Party Coalition sketched the future which it desires for Europe. "No conquests" came first, but "economic peace," the "freedom of the seas," and some organization of the idea of public right followed so closely that we must read them as conditions which qualify the offer to abandon territorial gains. The resolution involved some careful and constructive thinking. It also involved a decided and almost unprecedented act of will. The comparative impotence of the Reichstag during its career of nearly half a century has been due less to the survivals of autocracy in the German Constitution than to the inability of

its parties to combine. It rests on manhood suffrage; and it has (what the Duma never had) unlimited rights of veto over taxation and legislation. If at any time it had resolutely used the power of the purse, it could have extracted from the Emperor and the Federal Council any reforms on which it was bent. An obstructive Reichstag would have been dissolved (as happened in Prince Bülow's time), but if the party of protest had come back stronger from the general election (as on that occasion it did not), it must have had its way. The significance of this "war-aims" crisis was that it involved a bold use of the power of the purse. It broke out in the Financial Committee. The Majority Socialists refused to vote the war-credits unless the Chancellor adopted their "no annexation" formula. What might have been a mere demonstration became a decisive turning point, because the Center and the Radicals took their stand with the Socialists. The Committee, after an electric debate, declined to proceed further with the credits until the desired declaration was forth-

coming. The old Chancellor fell, a penalty for a long career of balancing and hesitation. It has been much disputed in this country whether the new Chancellor did in fact endorse the Reichstag's resolution. In spite of one or two questionable phrases, he certainly meant to convey that he endorsed it, and both Herr Scheidemann and Herr von Payer (the Radical leader) congratulated him on endorsing it. Only then were the credits voted. The crisis is very far from making Parliamentary Government in Germany, or even a near approach to it. That was not its purpose. It has, however, illustrated the real power of the Reichstag, which rests on the control of the purse-strings. Its stormy origin has given to this historic resolution (hotly combated as it was by the Conservatives and the National-Liberals) a meaning which similar forms of words rarely possess. It has cost some effort, some determination, and a long struggle to say this thing. It is the result of a three years' controversy, and it sums up the German experience of the war.

Strip the resolution of the dignified and mildly idealistic language in which it is phrased,* and it will be found to suggest a bargain between land-power and sea-power. Land-power, thanks to long preparation, efficient organization, a central situation, a unified command, and the ability to strike hard in the first weeks of war, has occupied and still holds large stretches of Allied territory. Sea-power fastens the doors by an im-

penetrable blockade, seizes colonies overseas, and extends its control over all the distant markets and sources of supply. The threat of land-power is to turn its occupations into permanent conquests. The threat of sea-power is to prolong the blockade into an economic boycott. For three years annexationists and their opponents have debated whether it was to the interest of Germany to turn these occupations, or some of them, into permanent acquisitions. At first the Conservative Junkers and the National-Liberal capitalists of the metallurgical industries were opposed only by the Socialists and by little groups of far-sighted "intellectuals." In the end the Junkers and the industrialists stand isolated, with all the rest of Germany against them. The Reichstag has decided that military conquests are not for it a substantive aim: it regards the occupied territories as assets, as pieces to bargain with, as temporary advantages which it will surrender in order to obtain, not a "German" peace, but a peace of "reconciliation." There lies a long and educative experience behind this decision. It is primarily prudence, realism, a clear perception and measuring of facts. There are hunger, loss, and alarm behind it. Plain living has led, if not to high, at least to sane thinking. The spectre of hunger rode in the victor's car, and the advancing phalanx left widows in its rear. The ghastly disillusionment of these years has done its work in men's minds. The dreams of dominion have receded, the vanity of a great military machine has been demonstrated. In some quarters, far outside the Socialist ranks, especially among Catholics, one detects signs of a moral and religious change. The Austrian Emperor in granting his amnesty to political prisoners deplores "the policy of hate and reprisals which let loose the world-war," and a Catholic Peace

*The essential passage of the resolution runs thus: The Reichstag strives for a peace by agreement and the lasting reconciliation of nations. With such a peace, forcible acquisitions of territory, and political, economic or financial domination are alike incompatible. No less does the Reichstag reject all schemes which aim at creating economic isolation and enmity among nations after the war. The freedom of the seas must be assured. Economic peace alone can prepare the ground for the friendly intercourse of peoples. The Reichstag will actively promote the creation of international organizations for public right (*Rechtsorganisationen*).

League, with the White Cross as its symbol, preaches "the substitution of Christian principles in public life for Machiavellian diplomacy." There is a change, not among the Junkers and the "profiteers," but among the simpler middle and working classes of Germany and in Austria, in much higher quarters. A Hapsburg has adopted "democracy" as his watchword: the fifth Chancellor after Bismarck has talked of "reconciliation."

Without any cynical implication, let us confine ourselves, however, to the more prosaic and realistic side of this movement of thought. What it means, in plain words, is that Germans have begun to think very gravely of the future which faces their commerce and their whole national life, if the program of the Paris Resolutions is put into force. They have realized that they must barter their potential conquests against our potential boycott. The alarm grew slowly. The Paris Resolutions were treated somewhat lightly at first. A solid *Mittel-europa* seemed to offer a big market. The two Americas stood outside the Allied combination, and there was China with its vast resources awaiting development. Russia, it was thought, might break away from the Entente, after peace, if not before it. A different prospect presents itself today. The entry of America has changed the landscape. Brazil, the chief alternative source to Africa for the raw materials of the tropics, has followed the Northern Continent, and she is not alone. China, too, has entered the Allied camp, a fact of no military, but of vast economic significance. When the Paris Resolutions were drafted, they suggested conflict in a bisected world. Today a world-wide combination has made an unbreakable fence. That is the new fact behind the Reichstag's resolution. Some Germans may feel sincerely that a

future of boycotts and animosities among nations is morally a repugnant prospect, but all Germans realize that it is materially a ruinous prospect. Sea-power has vindicated itself against land-power. One kind of force has proved itself on the balance more formidable than another kind of force. The military decision is evident, even though the present trench lines should hold. The loss of markets through tariff or shipping discrimination would be serious: the control by the Entente of raw materials (cotton, rubber, copper, and vegetable oils) would be fatal to the recovery of German industry.

We must scrutinize the terms of this resolution, and of the Chancellor's speech, to ascertain whether conquests have really been renounced. We do well to insist that even this is not for us the whole question. The wrong to Belgium must be repaired by monetary compensation, and there can be no "peace of reconciliation" without some settlement of the question of Alsace. We must note that the resolution (it is only a brief preliminary formula) says nothing about the limitation of armaments. Nor is it yet certain how far the encouraging phrase about creating organizations for public right involves (what the late Chancellor promised) a readiness to abandon militarism by adherence to Mr. Wilson's League of Nations. The "freedom of the seas" may mean some admissible reforms, but it may be a demand for impossible surrender. There is a wide field for inquiry here, when the opportunity for inquiry comes. Meanwhile, the resolution sets for us an urgent and imperative problem. On the assumption that our essential aims of restoration and security will be conceded by an enemy who professes his desire for a peace of reconciliation, are we prepared to grant what clearly is his indispensable condition? Are

we prepared, if wrongs are righted, armaments reduced, and the guarantee of a League of Nations created against future aggression, to concede "economic peace"? The problem is for us parallel to that which has confronted the Germans. They have eventually decided that their military occupations are means to an end, and not substantive aims. Is the ability to prolong the blockade into a boycott for us a substantive aim, or is it a means of extorting a good peace? Are we prepared to abandon the Paris Resolutions, as the Germans will abandon the occupied territories, if the whole scheme of the settlement makes for a secure and reconstituted world?

We have not yet begun to face this question. When the Paris Resolutions were published, two tendencies declared themselves in this country. One school regarded them as a satisfaction of its ideal: it positively wanted a "war after war," a competition in boycotts and exclusions, in which it believed that the advantage would lie with our trade. The other school thought the whole plan unworkable and unprofitable, and foresaw that it would destroy any attempt to organize peace on a basis of equity and good will. The former school meant to persevere in the plan at all costs. The latter school hoped that it would prove to be an extravagance of our war temper, which would be gradually forgotten and abandoned, as its difficulties were realized. Neither school perceived the part which the scheme might play in the larger strategy of the settlement. It is no mere extravagance; it is the inevitable statement of our sea-power. It is because our naval supremacy makes our combination supreme beyond the European Continent that the menace of the plan is formidable. Unless we are prepared to use this tremendous threat in a conscious and reasoning way, we shall

throw away our chief weapon. The possibility of an after-war boycott will be, at the moment of settlement, what the blockade itself has been during the war. An effective use of it depends, however, on our readiness to give it up. If we mean in any event to carry out the Paris program, whatever the enemy's attitude may be, the ability to penalize his commerce after the war ceases to be an asset, and becomes a handicap. If this is one of our substantive aims, we must prolong the war indefinitely before the enemy will submit to it, and in the end we may find that, because we will not renounce this aim, we may have to abandon others which have commended themselves to our better minds. Further, if this form of pressure is subtracted from our assets, we must rely on military force alone to undo the present balance on land. The time has come for prompt and decisive thinking on this question. If we regard some degree of after-war boycott as a substantive aim, we shall not carry with us the Russians, the Americans, the British Labor Party, or the French Socialists. They aim at peace after war. On the other hand, the whole combination may with capable leadership be rallied for a tactical use of a boycott. The firmer, the wider, the more united our combination is, the larger are the concessions which it may hope to extract. It must carry economic peace in one hand and economic war in the other. To a sincerely pacific German nation, ready to abandon her militarism, and to make her contribution towards the reconciliation of nations, it must offer economic peace, and offer it with both hands. Against a Germany which hesitates to make full restoration or to join a general pact of disarmament and conciliation, it must be prepared to impose a boycott so stiff, so united, so effective, that these

hesitations will disappear. Half-measures are weakness and will prolong the war. If we say: "Some of us will boycott and others won't. Some of us will do it a little and others not at all. We don't mean to destroy your trade, but we won't promise to give it a fair chance," well, then, the weapon has been thrown away. There can be no transaction on these lines. It is fumbling like this which may lead to an inconclusive peace. The fuller our offer of economic peace, the more shall we get in return for it. The more united and decided our threat of economic war, the less risk is there that it will have to be enforced.

The answer will come frankly at this point from a section of our public opinion, that it does regard discrimination against German trade as a substantive war aim. The motives which go to make this attitude are complex. For some minds the chief factor is an instinctive repugnance, half-ethical, half-æsthetic, to resume normal relations with an enemy whose conduct of war has been neither chivalrous nor humane. One might argue that our resentment in this case will strike the wrong heads. The agrarian Junker hereditary military caste will not suffer under a boycott; the value of its landed estates and agricultural produce may even be enhanced by it. It is the modern democratic Germany, workmen no less than masters, who will suffer. But the stronger this feeling is, the less need is there to legislate to enforce it. While this resentment lasts, it will make a spontaneous boycott. These sentimental tendencies, though they may influence the conduct of individuals after the war, would hardly suffice to shape our national policy, were it not for a much graver and more practical consideration. This country has realized, as it never did before, the immense strength of the German people. What-

ever its temporary losses may be through the reduction of its male population and the embarrassment of its finances, the moral and intellectual backbone of its strength will survive. The indestructible elements of German power are neither at the forges of Essen nor in the docks of Kiel; they are the discipline, the patriotism, the trained intelligence and the habit of regulated industry in its people. If we have learned to know our enemy's strength, we have also discovered from our own experience how closely military power is related to economic organization. Each coalition has been sustained by the financial and industrial capacity of one of its members. Inevitably the further thought arises, that if the power of Germany for offense is to be broken, we must not only smash her military machine, but lame her economic strength as well.

The premise of all this reasoning is, be it noted, that neither the experiences of this war nor the reflections which will follow it are likely to modify the mentality of the Prussian military caste, or to weaken its ascendancy over the German people. Germany is conceived as an incurably aggressive element, which will learn nothing save new methods of attack, and forget nothing save the losses it has suffered. Starting with this conviction, the movement which would organize a "war after the war" is dominated by a pessimism of which it is only half aware. It seems to have forgotten the hopes which found expression in every Allied country during the early months of the war. In England and France men went to the colors, and endured the privations of three winters, buoyed by the resolve that their sons should grow up in a better world. "Never again" was the motto of all who thought amid the turmoil, and those who most

hated war comforted themselves with the thought that this should be "a war to end war." The one object on which all the Allies were bent was "the destruction of Prussian militarism." It is difficult today to bring these ideas into any relation with the forecast of the future which inspires the advocates of a boycott. Do they question the ultimate victory of the Coalition? Or do they doubt the possibility, by any victory, however complete, of destroying Prussian militarism? Certainly they assume that its menace must survive, and they look for security not to any constructive organization of the world's peace, but to the waging of a perpetual bloodless war, inspired by the same enmities, suspicions and fears that divide the world today. If this is a true forecast of the future, then the only victory which could have compensated mankind for the strife has already fled beyond our reach. We must abandon the dream of what Mr. Asquith called "a real European partnership," and content ourselves instead with a new phase of the armed peace, a Europe divided by a permanent Chinese wall, fenced with the barbed wire of the prohibitive tariff. The fading of our early illusions is not all loss. The vision of this nightmare future may be positive gain. For on one salutary truth these forecasts and proposals are firmly based. Those who expected from war alone, the crushing of militarism and the building of a better Europe, hoped from war what war can never yield. A step in such an evolution it may be. But the future depends on statesmanship as well as arms, and on the general will of the nations even more than on statesmanship. The assumption of our argument is that this stage is already in sight. There can be no question of abandoning the Paris Resolutions unless Germany

will give guarantees that her militarism is at an end. She must join in a general reduction of armaments. She must sign the pact of a League of Nations to enforce the peaceful settlement of disputes. She must confess the failure of militarism by renouncing conquests. If these conditions are satisfied, her high commercial development need no longer be regarded as the basis and foundation of a war-machine.

Dismiss these grounds for differentiating against German trade, and what remains? One need not pause to talk about "dumping" and "key industries." Such adjustments of our traditional fiscal policy as may be necessary to meet these minor problems can be carried out without infringing "economic peace." That phrase need not mean free trade. It means only the abandonment of special discriminations against particular foreign nations which rest on political or military grounds. The case for a boycott pursued as a substantive aim means in the last resort that its advocates are making a realist calculation, that our sea-power, our vast dominions, our ability to draw weaker States into our orbit, will enable us to practise an exclusive policy with material profit to ourselves. It is a hazardous, as it is an immoral calculation. We may assume the support of America and Russia for a tactical use of the boycott, threatened or imposed for the definite purpose of compelling Germany to abandon militarism. They will not back a boycott conceived as a means of enhancing British power or British wealth. They might even resent and combat it, as an abuse of our sea-power. Whether in these circumstances the boycott could be profitable may be doubted; it might in fact be ruinous. One is content in war if the balance of slaughter is in one's own favor, and in a trade war the casualties cannot all

be on the other side. Whether Germany would, in fact, suffer more, depends partly on the extent to which her alliances survive the war, and partly on our own skill in managing a rather composite team of Allies. She has in her favor the better and more practised organization, and there is a grave risk that if we fence ourselves round with tariffs, we shall be content with this passive defense, relapse into the laziness of security, and neglect to make good our defects in science and education. When one has built a high wall there is always a temptation to slumber in its shadow. These schemes, however, raise a much larger question than any financial balance of profit and loss. They would, indeed, alter the whole fabric of our industry, and leave their mark on every household budget. That would be their less momentous effect. They would also fix the emotions of whole peoples towards each other, and give to hatred its vested interest and its constitutional form. For this is not a proposal to adopt Protection as a fiscal system on its merits. The old Protection rested on the argument (fallacious as Free Traders contended) that certain measures of defense would be of advantage to our own trade and it applied these measures impartially against all foreigners. If it discriminated at all between different States, it was guided solely by the principle of reciprocity. The new Protection repudiates all pretense of impartiality, nor does it aim at reciprocity. A prohibitive tariff, in the usage of the old Protection, was a weapon with which to extort concessions. For the new Protection it is a confessedly aggressive device. The aim is less to protect or benefit ourselves than to injure others. So long as a nation distinguished only between its own citizens and all foreigners, it excited no legitimate resent-

ment by its tariffs. But the nation which distinguishes in its custom houses between friendly and hostile foreigners must expect all the consequences of its act. The first reply will of course be a tariff of equal or even greater severity against our own trade. The next will be an adjustment of armaments and diplomacy to meet the fact proclaimed in word and deed by ourselves, that we are the sworn and unrelenting enemies of Germany. Against such a declaration a prudent people arms, seeks allies, and, at the appropriate moment, makes war. That disaster to civilization might, indeed, be postponed by the exhaustion of both sides for many years. But its postponement would enable us to enjoy none of the fruits of peace. We should not dare to disarm. We should not venture in full security to devote ourselves to our internal social problems, and the shadow of war would be over all our politics. The constant preoccupation with the certainty of a renewal of war would mean in the end what it meant for Prussia—the dominance of militarism over our civil life. Militarism is not an original sin or a vice in the blood. It is the adjustment of a nation's institutions and thoughts to the necessities of an "inevitable" war, which it cannot or will not avoid. But perhaps we would propose arbitration or set up a council of conciliation, or invite our enemy to come before an Areopagus? What mockery! The machinery of conciliation may one day banish war from the world, but only when nations first resolve to live in friendship and habitually guide their policy by a purpose of good will. In an atmosphere of good will, the League of Nations to which the Entente is now committed may serve to remove accidental misunderstandings and incidental conflicts of interest. In an atmosphere of deliberate hate, between peoples whose whole

policy was directed to the mutual infliction of injury, it would be a witless self-deception to hope for the peaceful settlement of any capital dispute. The nation which believes in conciliation as a substitute for war must guide its whole policy by that aim. It must proclaim no hatreds. It must engineer no boycotts. It must strive not to divide, but to unite, Europe. Let us in the name of honest thinking choose one course or the other. Peace demands a moral "preparedness" no less austere than that of war.

At this point an answer may be anticipated from the advocates of the "war after the war." "We are not," they may reply, "legislating for all time. Some day Germany may break up. She may even pass through a revolution. If that happens, of course we will reconsider our scheme. We want to meet the need of tomorrow, but we all hope for Areopagus and that sort of thing in the dim and distant future." The Areopagus, it may be retorted, will not come of itself; it will come only after sincere and earnest preparation. The man who prepares war must not expect peace. Nor should we forget that if once our traders adapt themselves to a high tariff wall, vested interests will be created which will resist a change. But let us deal with the suggestion that Germany would be likely to reform under this treatment. We have set out in this war to "crush German militarism." We can certainly frustrate its purposes, and we may also weaken for a time its formidable military machine. But militarism is a state of mind. It is the habitual reliance on force, either because one pursues ambitions which only force can realize, or because one dreads enemies, whom only force can restrain. It is the art of all statesmen who have to lead modern democracies, to

conceal the ambitions and play upon the fears. Every war, even in Germany, is represented as a war of defense, and every opponent as an aggressor. For years before this war German Imperialists suffered from a mania of persecution—a disease which commonly accompanies megalomania. It was commonly held, and sincerely held, that the formation of the Entente was inspired by an aggressive motive; it was described as an encircling movement, an *Einkreisung*, a "penning in" of Germany. Many books were written before and after the war in which our own motives were dissected. Count Reventlow's *Der Vampir des Festlandes* is, for example, an elaborate historical essay to prove that England always has followed this strategy, from the seventeenth century downwards, and that our motive now, as ever, is to crush a trade rival. Even Dr. Naumann, a charitable writer who avows a liking for England, sees in this war the inevitable conflict between our old-world individualistic trading system and the new, regulated, corporate trading of Germany. If the current suspicion of most Germans today is that we made the Entente and entered the war to destroy a commercial rival, one need not ask what the effect on them will be, if we carry out the accepted policy of a continued war on German trade after the peace. Our motive would stand in their eyes self-confessed. The reasoning might be hasty and lacking in subtlety (for the play of motive is really very complex), but enemies do not usually give each other the benefit of the doubt. Imagine the effect of such a revelation on German public opinion. There are men and parties who detest and combat Prussian militarism and desire a world from which war can be eliminated. They are not the Socialists and the Radicals alone, but such personalities as Professor

Delbrück, who has fought the policy of annexations, Herr Ballin, who has called for "the extirpation of the fever of armaments," and the late Chancellor himself, who stood pledged to the idea of a League of Nations. A "peace of reconciliation" (to use the Reichstag's phrase) would give these men their chance. To them would rally the normal minds of common men who revolt from slaughter, and dread the ruin of a new period of arming and taxation. But the stoutest and bravest of these men would be silenced and baffled by the revelation that we meant after war to pursue the economic ruin of their country as our aim. The ablest neutral observers tell us that the internal transformation is already visible. To proclaim our relenting hostility to the German people and our resolve to thwart it in its legitimate work of commerce is to unite it as one man against us. This is not to crush Prussian militarism, but to destroy German Liberalism. There is one chance only that German thought may turn backward calmly and objectively to review the past and examine the causes of the war, and that chance is that in the settlement and after it the Allies so act as to dissipate the legend that their whole policy has been dictated by

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envy and greed. This movement to create "a war after the war," unthinkingly, perhaps, and in innocence, is giving the lie to those who have proclaimed our idealistic purpose in the war, and confirming a calumny which will work against us in the future with a *perpetuum mobile* of strife. The man who causes it to be said of us that our aim in this war was something lower than a concern for the public law and the liberties of Europe, inflicts on us an injury more lasting than any defeat. We shall win the war and achieve victory for our aims only if we can so shape our policy at the settlement and after it, that there shall emerge what Mr. Asquith has called "a real European partnership." There is much that must be changed in our economic policy, and for a policy of conservative individualism in trade there is no future. A closer regulation of commerce, the intervention of the State in the control of investments, shipping, and trusts, new devices in organization, and great advances in education—all these are inevitable. We may come closer to our Allies in the process, and enhance our own powers for defense. But security we shall not found, if we start from hatred to organize the ruin of another people. That way lies anarchy and the frustration of European order.

H. N. Brailsford.

CHRISTINA'S SON.

BY W. M. LETTS.

CHAPTER II.

Christina returned with her daughter-in-law to the flat. She had agreed to dine there, though for mere comfort's sake she would have preferred to go home to a solitary supper near her own dining-room fire, and the subsequent hour on the sofa with a book. But Lucilla was in a softened mood, and Christina made the most of it.

"It must be a good thing for children to be brought up religiously," said Lucilla, as they walked together. "I believe the habit of it sticks to you and scares you off wickedness in your later days. But no one cares about religion nowadays, mater; they really don't. No one observes Sunday or bothers about things like that. At least the people we know don't."

Funny stuffy old people like Mr. Ingleby do, but he's a sort of a survival, isn't he?"

"Well, how about Hermione?"

"She's one of the few. The few stick on to the old ways and read the Bible or go to confession and all the rest of it, but there are so few. They're a sort of religious aborigines who are dying out rapidly."

"My dear, I'm Victorian, and I can only be sorry for the new ways if they are as you say."

They had reached the door now, and Lucilla led the way upstairs to her flat. As the two women entered the drawing-room a large dark man rose from an easy-chair and came forward to greet them.

"Forgive me for trespassing, Lucilla," he began with an easy smile. "I heard you'd be in soon, so I dared to wait."

Lucilla frowned.

"You shouldn't have dared," she answered crossly. "Mater, this is an old friend of ours, Mr. Armstrong, Mrs. Travis."

Christina bowed. She had recognized the large man as the original of the photograph that had caused a dispute, nearly a year ago now, between Lucilla and her son. She observed the man with interest. He was handsome certainly, and pleasant in a big, self-satisfied style.

"The overworked husband not home yet?" he asked, sitting down again in an easy chair.

"No."

Lucilla sat stroking her gloves. She was not unlike a cat who sits lashing her tail and then turns to scratch and bite, whether in play or in temper she alone can tell. The large man smiled indulgently.

"Am I really so much in the way?" he asked.

"Yes," snapped Lucilla, "why *have* you come? I'm not a bit in the mood

for you. I'm not going to ask you to dine here, so please don't wait for an invitation."

Mr. Tom Armstrong smiled at Christina. He was of middle age, and he appeared to enjoy Lucilla's mood as a grown person may enjoy a child's mock defiance.

"But I *want* to dine here, and I'm sure Mrs. Travis will let me," he answered. "I've brought three tickets for the theatre for tonight. It's variety week you know, and the dancing is excellent I hear, also the living statues. Why shouldn't we stroll round after dinner? If you don't want me to dine I'll meet you at the theatre."

Lucilla stroked her gloves, but her face changed a little.

"No, we can't," she said abruptly; "my mother-in-law is dining with us, and Laurence will see her home afterwards."

Armstrong nodded.

"Oh, I see! well, another day then. I believe you're insatiable for fun, but I seem to have surprised a serious mood, eh?"

He shared his benignant mirth with Mrs. Travis, and Christina had a swift interior argument as to whether she liked or disliked him. Something repelled her, but this was most likely a mere prejudice. His manner was so easy that it made him seem self-assured. Armstrong rose to go, but Laurence came in at that moment.

Christina found herself a mere spectator, and it struck her forcibly that her son was an insignificant young man. As he shook hands with Armstrong the contrast was cruel and obvious. The elder man was a picture of virility, the younger was slight and delicate looking.

"Hullo!" Laurence said, "are you amusing my kiddy?"

He kissed his wife and then his mother while Armstrong answered:

"I came with theatre tickets, but I've surprised Madam Lucilla in a serious mood, and she says neither of you will come. By the way wouldn't Mrs. Travis join us?"

Lucilla looked eagerly at her mother-in-law and then at her husband. She was obviously in the state of suspense that children feel when a pleasure hangs in the balance.

"Oh! you'd better go, Lucilla," Laurence decided; "take the girl from downstairs, it'll do her good. I don't want to go, thanks; I've a lot of work, and I don't think mother will go. I'll walk home with her after dinner. Of course you'll dine here, Armstrong, if there's enough; is there, Lucilla?"

"Yes, leg of mutton."

"Very good. Take the child to the theatre, Armstrong. It's awfully slow for her when I've work to do in the evening yet I must work if she's to be clothed and fed."

Lucilla pouted. Christina, who had not seen her daughter-in-law with other men, perceived a new Lucilla. She was aware that certain women are, like Bottom, "translated" by the presence of a man in the room, but she felt vaguely disquieted and ashamed. Why would Lucilla not be natural? Surely this Mr. Armstrong would be disgusted by her freakishness. But the large man watched the pettish, pretty face with a smile.

"To clothe her and feed her," he echoed "that takes a lot I'll be bound."

"I've money of my own," snapped Lucilla; "Oh! yes, you don't know it, but an uncle of mother's died and left me sixty pounds a year, so I dress myself and buy my stamps."

"Clever kid," said Armstrong genially.

Laurence, with a rather harassed expression, was hunting for papers in a desk. He seemed to his mother a far graver and more responsible being than in his bachelor days. "I wish I

could give her a lot more," he said. "Paris gowns and diamonds. Well, wait a bit, Lucilla. We've got a fine job on now, a country house for Parkinson, the jam boiler. He's a very artistic man if he is a jam boiler, quite a connoisseur. This house will be worth doing."

Christina made some enthusiastic response.

Lucilla appeared indifferent.

"Won't you come, Laurie?" she asked.

"No, dearest, I can't. I must work. You go and have a good time. That's all I want—for you to have a jolly time while I make money after the American style."

After dinner Laurence and his mother set off on their walk homewards. He slipped his hand through her arm. Their separation seemed in some fashion to have reunited them. Perhaps it is not unusual that marriage should accentuate the tie of blood relationship.

"Darling," said Christina, in a happy voice, "I am so glad about this house for Mr. Parkinson. You know him, don't you? It is a great thing for the firm."

"Well, it is, mother. You see, without boasting, it was I who got the job. I chummed up with Parkinson. He showed me pictures and I showed him sketches and designs and things. Who knows? One day he may build a cathedral for Westhampton or a Guildhall or something big and give me my chance, but anyway it's great about the house. I'll dream of it day and night."

He squeezed his mother's arm.

"Dear mater, it's so nice of you to be so pleased. Lucilla is such a baby she doesn't understand work; she just revels in play. I love to see her enjoy herself, she does it so thoroughly. Armstrong has time enough to amuse her, I haven't."

They walked in silence for two minutes while Christina counted ten stars and braced herself.

"But, Laurence . . . my dear, I'm very Victorian and old-fashioned, but is it very wise to let other men amuse your pretty wife? I know . . . I know there's not a scrap of harm, but people are so ready to talk."

"Let them talk."

"But for her sake that wouldn't be fair. Lucilla is not a baby or a child. You make a mistake there; she's a very shrewd woman of the world. No, I don't blame her, but her life at home has knocked the childishness out of her. Laurence, women like to share men's anxieties and their interests. Don't you think you may atrophy Lucilla's sympathy by never calling it out?"

Laurence walked in silence for some paces, then he answered, "No," rather shortly.

"You see," he explained, "she just doesn't understand. That is the way with life, one's nearest and dearest *don't* understand. They may do everything else, but they very rarely do that. We go through life in our own airtight compartments. We only guess at the compartments of others. But Lucilla doesn't worry even to guess; why should she? I didn't marry her because she understood me, but because she's pretty and gay and fascinating. She *is* all those things still, why should I blame her because she's nothing else? I'm not so beastly unjust."

Then Christina spoke from her heart. "Oh! Laurence, she ought to give you more. She ought to appreciate what you give her. You should teach her. She may develop."

"She might develop if she were to love. She has never been in love with me, poor child!"

They had reached Dale Road now, the familiar road of Laurence's youth.

Something in its aspect struck the young man.

"How happy we were here," he said, "you and Rosa and I. It's a decent little road."

He squeezed his mother's arm.

"Look here, mater, don't worry about what I said, just forget it like a dear."

"But, my son, I do so want you to be happy."

"Why, so I am. I adore Lucilla and I have my work, and work counts more and more with a man."

"Laurence, I don't like that Mr. Armstrong much."

"No more do I, but it's sheer jealousy, mater. He's everything that I'm not—handsome, big, manly, and all the rest. That's why you don't like him; you're jealous for me, I know you are. I'm such a beastly insignificant devil."

"You've ten times his brains."

"Yes, but brains don't count much with women. Now, goodnight, mater. Don't worry about us. We're all right, honor bright."

Laurence went off into the gleam and shadow of the lamp-lit road, and Christina turned in at her own little gate.

She was strangely elated by her son's confidence. He had drawn nearer to her than he had done since his marriage. She had felt eclipsed by the new love, but now the light shone on her once more. How greatly jealousy had her in thrall she did not realize—indeed, the knowledge of it would have shocked her. But she was still the same woman who had triumphed inwardly when her children turned even from their father to cling to her.

Motherhood had been her one passion, and its claims were still insistent. This evening her son had made some steps across the desert that had divided them.

For long that evening Christina sat

in her little drawing-room pondering on the complexities of life.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Brown sat on Christina's sofa and talked. She talked very fast, as she always did when she was nervous. Christina found herself noting the marks of care on her neighbor's face. Her power of observation seemed detached from her power of attention, and while she listened she noted Mrs. Brown's wrinkles, the little lines of color on her cheek bones, the frilling round her neck and the Coliseum brooch in mosaic, brought by one of the children from some exhibition.

"You do understand," Mrs. Brown reiterated, "that I don't like talking of these things to you, Christina? I hate thinking evil, I really do, but it's my niece against your son, and Laurence is much more to me than Lucilla, indeed I never did like the girl much, though of course I'm sorry for her, but really some one ought to speak. Everyone's talking, but I suppose she doesn't heed that."

Christina spoke judicially. She was loyal to her own and she had no intention of taking part against her daughter-in-law. That would be the surest way to estrange Laurence.

"People talk very easily," she said; "Lucilla, like the dog with a bad name, begins with a bad name. She is pretty and she is very gay, but all her gaieties have Laurence's approval. He is too busy to take her about, and it is a sign of his trust in her that he lets this Mr. Armstrong be so much about the house. I'm sure there's no real harm, only imprudence."

"Christina," gasped Mrs. Brown, "I must tell you that Poppy saw him kiss Lucilla. It was at the bazaar in a little room where Lucilla was doing palmistry. Poppy didn't mean to see; she surprised them. She only told

me about it; but he shouldn't. She ought to send him about his business. And poor Laurence who is so good . . . oh! I think it's dreadful. Why don't good husbands get good wives when so many women have had husbands?"

Christina did not answer this incoherent question.

"I think it is all just a storm in a tea-cup," she said; "middle class people like ourselves don't go in for tragedies and problem plays. This man will go back to Australia presently and it will blow over. Lucilla will be more sensible when she's older."

"If only she had a baby," suggested Mrs. Brown; "there's nothing like a baby for taking the nonsense out of a woman. You just don't have time to be sad."

"Well, that is God's will and not her fault," Christina answered; "she's not maternal in nature I think, but in some women mother love only wakes with a child. It might be the saving of her if that love did come."

Mrs. Brown rose, still nervous and perturbed. "You forgive me for speaking, dear? I thought a word from you might do something. You see the children go out and they hear things said, and of course they tell me. In a smallish town like this there is so much gossip. But Laurence is so trustful, dear fellow, and then he's a little bit in the clouds, isn't he? I hear he's getting on so well."

Christina kissed her neighbor. "Thank you, my dear; yes, yes, I know you meant it kindly. But we mustn't be too serious. Lucilla is reckless and gay, but there's no harm in her; it's only imprudence. The talk will blow over."

She saw her guest to the door. The winter evening was falling. The hollows of the town brimmed with mist. A hazy sunset smouldered behind a church spire in the west.

Christina saw it with unobservant eyes. She returned to the dining-room which looked chill and shadowy in the dusk. The fire of slack showed a sullen red eye under the pile of dusty coal.

For long Christina stood by the mantelpiece. The fox-terrier came and rolled at her feet, wriggling on an obsequious back, but though she pressed him gently with her foot and murmured "Good boy, good fellow," he discerned at once that his goddess was in one of those strange, pre-occupied moods that beset these canine deities.

"Yes," said Christina, "I will go."

The dog wagged a courteous answer to this speech and cocked his head inquiringly. Was it to the post or farther, he asked. From the hall he watched his mistress ascend the stairs. Presently, even as he hoped, she descended in bonnet and cloak with her caracul furs and an umbrella. It almost looked like church, and his heart sank a little.

He executed several waltz steps in the narrow hall. His mistress seemed unheeding. "Oh! yes, you can come, I suppose you must," she said. Then the door opened and the terrier shot out into the glories of the great world. He was soon aware that she was about to visit Mr. Laurence, and he led the way with a debonair expression. It surprised him that his mistress showed hesitancy about her direction, and walked to and fro as if she had lost the way, although he was prepared to show it to her. At last, however, she took his advice, entered the right door and ascended the steps that led to the flat.

Lucilla was in a low chair by the fire. The tea-table was near by. She was illuminated by the light of a pink-shaded lamp. To Christina, as she came in from the chill foggy world, the scene was one of exquisite comfort.

The room was warm and scented with flowers. Roses and carnations filled the vases on the mantelpiece, and bowls of Roman hyacinths stood on the table. Lucilla got up lazily to greet her mother-in-law. She was wearing a dress of deep pink, cut low at the throat. Her dark beauty struck Christina afresh. There was something magnificent about it now. In the last months she had developed; her girlishness had slipped away from her and she had grown womanly.

Christina felt herself baffled by her first impression. The transition from her own gray orderly world to this flower-scented enervating world of Lucilla's was too abrupt for her purpose. She had meant to launch herself at once on her stream of warning but now she hesitated.

Lucilla pulled a chair forward, one of those deep low chairs that the rheumatic find such traps when they wish to rise. Christina longed for a stiff and upright chair, but sat down obediently.

"Have you had tea, mater?" Lucilla asked politely.

"Yes, dear, thanks. I had it before I came."

"Isn't it cold and foggy for you to be out, after your cold too? Were you visiting in the town?"

"No, no," Christina stammered, "I came down just to see you, Lucilla."

The girl sank back in her chair and gazed at her mother with dark thoughtful eyes. Her cheeks were a little flushed, her mouth very red. The mother-in-law wondered if the heightened color were natural, but some impersonal observer in her appraised the girl's beauty and found it extraordinarily satisfying. In the few seconds that passed before she spoke Christina had seen in Lucilla youth triumphant. She was acutely aware of the contrast between her faded and elderly self and this brilliant woman

It was November come to parley with June. She felt humiliated before this self-satisfied aggressive youthfulness. What language had they in common, she and this girl?

"Did you come out just to see me, mater? How good of you," Lucilla said smiling. She moved the tea-table a little and Christina noticed that the tray held two cups.

"Yes, I came to talk to you, my dear, because your mother is away and . . . and, well an old woman may give good advice sometimes."

"Yes?"

Lucilla's face had hardened. A mature woman looked from her eyes.

"It is this, Lucilla. Friendship is dangerous for a man and a woman. Every girl believes that for her it is possible, and nearly every girl finds herself mistaken. The only safe man to have as a friend is your husband or your brother. It is a piece of tiresome experience when one learns it. You see, my dear, however innocent a married woman's friendships may be, they make gossip."

"Exactly! To come to the point then, mater, you have heard about me and—oh! yes, I'll supply the name, Tom Armstrong."

"Yes. I know there is no foundation for it, no scrap of harm between you. Believe me, Lucilla, when I say that. But it's not good for a wife to be talked about."

"I don't care what people say," answered Lucilla, uttering the ancient boast of the young.

"But Laurence may. You have his name to consider."

The girl laughed carelessly.

"Oh! he doesn't worry about his name."

"But I do, it is my husband's name."

For the first time there was a flash of direct antagonism between the two women. Lucilla sat up and eyed her

mother-in-law. "In fact," she said, "you want me to drop Tom Armstrong."

"I want you to exercise prudence in the way you behave to him in public, at dances, and so on. Your private friendship is your own affair, Lucilla. You are the judge as to how far it is compatible with your position as Laurence's wife."

For a moment Lucilla was silent. She leaned her chin on her hand and sat staring into the fire. Christina was entirely aware of her beauty, of the grace of every attitude. She was aware too that her antagonism might be due to her sense of these things.

Without looking at the elder woman the girl spoke.

"I might drop Tom," she said; "I could send him back to Australia at once. He's really finished his business here, and he's only hanging about. It's the ruin of a man to have a little money of his own, isn't it? I could send him away and take to good works, district visiting or knitting or something. But what should I gain? What *do* you good people gain? Is it Heaven you're so keen about? How can you prove that it exists or that you'd be happy if you got there?"

Christina was surprised at this speech. Yet it seemed in keeping with the warm, heavily-scented room and the girl who sat fingering the pink carnations at her breast. In such an atmosphere the moral sense looks a little dowdy.

"I don't think Heaven counts for so much, Lucilla," she answered; "with some people the love of God makes every sacrifice worth while; with others there is just the sense of duty and unselfishness. Sin is so selfish and so ugly."

"I believe, mater, that most women are good just from fear, fear of the consequences of sin, fear of what people will say. Their goodness is just cowardice or cold-bloodedness."

"No, you're wrong, Lucilla. Women know that the consequences of sin are far-reaching and fall on others. I think the thought of others is a restraint. With most women the thought of their children is all-powerful."

"Well, that I haven't got. You can't blame me for not knowing it."

"No. I'm only sorry. But, Lucilla, there's old age to be thought of and the peace that comes of having stuck to one's duty. That counts. Sin is a very bad investment; it may pay a large dividend for a few years, but soon it ceases payment altogether, leaving a terrible bankruptcy. I will speak frankly; is your mother so happy?"

"No, oh! certainly not. She doesn't care a rap for daddy. But still she had her fling. She lived at full pressure for a time. I'd rather have a memory than have nothing. Most women just exist. They jog along the old worn path like so many beasts of burden. They're just passive. What do they gain? What can they remember when they're old?"

Christina caught sight of herself in a mirror. It surprised her for the moment to realize that the stout elderly woman in the black bonnet trimmed with lavender flowers was herself, the ardent Christina of dreams and hopes and deep devotions. "What an old frump I seem to this girl," ran her thoughts, and she knew that her errand was useless; that arrogant youth will not learn of sober age.

"You mean people just like myself, Lucilla?" she asked. "Yes, I'll admit the charge. I jogged along the path that circumstances made for me. I never rebelled, nor did I try to cut a new path. I ambled along in the shafts of marriage, and let life wield the whip. What of it? I am happy now, happy on the whole. My memories are pleasant ones, and I am not more

afraid to die than others. I don't think I am religious as some people are, but I trust God to have mercy on me and my children."

"And has it satisfied you, your tepid life? What romance had you? I know from the way you speak that you were never in love, or if you were, not with Mr. Travis. Can you be content to have missed that and to miss it forever?"

Lucilla spoke vehemently. She gazed at Christina with ardent dark eyes. A movement she had made roused a Persian cat on the rug to sudden wakefulness. It sprang to its mistress's knee and she caressed it.

"Why!" she cried, "I'd rather have this cat's life than yours. It lives the best life it knows, all its powers at full stretch. Then it dies and goes out, puff!"

Christina sighed. What had she to say? Life alone, with its remorseless code, might school this materialist whose lust of life was her temptation. She had come to say something, to give some warning, and she found herself speechless. She took refuge in a hasty return to the commonplace.

"I don't know why we're having this metaphysical discussion, Lucilla," she said; "it has grown out of a small matter. I thought it better that you should hear from me that the gossips are talking a little. You are quite woman of the world enough to know how to protect your own name and your husband's."

Lucilla was thankful for this quick return to their normal relationship.

"I see, mater, thanks. I suppose the Browns have been worrying you?"

Christina rose to go. She felt, in spite of her quiet manner, shaken and tremulous. She longed to cry or to be alone. She was conscious now that she disliked her daughter-in-law. She dreaded the thought of the conventional kiss. So, perhaps, did Lucilla, for she stood talking at the door,

and the customary salute was omitted, as it seemed, by mutual forgetfulness.

The terrier jumped eagerly at his mistress. His eyes were luminous with faith and love. Then scampering off he had an impassioned cat hunt down the street, but stopped warily as

the foe stood at bay against a gate. Finally with an indignant bark he retreated. His mistress spoke to him in the darkness.

"You don't like cats, old boy? neither do I; one never knows when the claws will show."

(To be continued.)

AN AIRMAN'S OUTINGS.

THERE AND BACK.

An inhuman philosopher or a strong, silent poseur might affect to treat with indifference his leave from the front. Personally, I have never met a philosopher inhuman enough or a poseur strongly silent enough to repress evidence of wild satisfaction, after several months of war at close quarters, on being given a railway warrant entitling him to ten days of England, home, and no duty. But if you are a normal soldier who dislikes fighting and detests discomfort, the date of your near future holiday from the dreary scene of war will be one of the problems that really matter.

Let us imagine a slump in great pushes at your sector of the line, since only during the intervals of attack is the leave list unpigeonholed. The weeks pass and your turn creeps close, while you pray that the lull may last until the day when, with a heavy haversack and a light heart, you set off to become a transient in Arcadia. The desire for a taste of freedom is sharpened by delay; but finally, after disappointment and postponement, the great day arrives and you depart. Exchanging a "So long" with less fortunate members of the mess, you realize a vast difference in respective destinies. Tomorrow the others will be dodging crumps, archies, or official chits "for your information, please"; tomorrow, with luck, you will be dodging taxis in London.

During the journey you begin to cast out the oppressive feeling that a world and a half separates you from the pleasantly undisciplined life you once led. The tense influence of those twin bores of active service, routine and risk, gradually loosens its hold, and your state of mind is tuned to a pitch half-way between the note of battle and that of a bank holiday. Yet a slight sense of remoteness lingers as you enter London. At first view the Charing Cross loiterers seem more foreign than the peasants of Picardy, the Strand and Piccadilly less familiar than the Albert-Pozières road. Not till a day or two later, when the remnants of strained pre-occupation with the big things of war have been charmed away by old haunts and old friends, do you feel wholly at home amid your re-discovered fellow-citizens the Man in the Street, the Pacifist, the air-raid-funk Hysteric, the Lady Flag-Seller, the War Profiteer, the dear-boy Fluff Girl, the Prohibitionist, the England-for-the-Irish politician, the Conscientious Objector, the hotel-government bureaucrat, and other bulwarks of our united Empire. For the rest, you will want to cram into ten short days the average experiences of ten long weeks. If, like most of us, you are young and foolish, you will skim the bubbling froth of life and seek crowded diversion in the lighter follies, the passing shows, and l'amour

qui rit. And you will probably return to the big things of war tired but mightily refreshed, and almost ready to welcome a further spell of routine and risk.

The one unsatisfactory aspect of leave from France, apart from its rarity, is the traveling. This, in a region congested by the more important traffic of war, is slow and burdensome to the impatient holiday maker. Occasionally the Flying Corps officer is able to substitute an excursion by air for the land and water journey, if on one of the dates that sandwich his leave a bus of the type used by his squadron must be flown across the Channel. Such an opportunity is welcome, for besides avoiding discomfort, a joy-ride of this description saves time enough to provide an extra day in England. On the last occasion when I was let loose from the front on ticket-of-leave, I added twenty-four hours to my Blighty period by a chance meeting with a friendly ferry-pilot and a resultant trip as passenger in an aeroplane from a home dépôt. Having covered the same route by train and boat a few days previously, a comparison between the two methods of travel left me an enthusiast for aerial transport in the golden age of after-the-war.

The leave train at Arrière was time-tabled for midnight, but as, under a war-time edict, French cafés and places where they lounge are closed at 10 P.M., it was at this hour that muddled officers and Tommies from every part of the Somme basin began to crowd the station. Though confronted with a long period of waiting, in a packed entrance-hall that was only half-lit and contained five seats to be scrambled for by several hundred men, everyone, projected beyond the immediate discomfort to the good time coming, seemed content. The atmosphere of jolly expectancy

was comparable to that of Waterloo Station on the morning of Derby Day. Scores of little groups gathered to talk the latest shop-talk from the trenches. A few of us who were acquainted with the corpulent and affable R.T.O.—it is part of an R.T.O.'s stock-in-trade to be corpulent and affable—sought out his private den, and exchanged yarns while commandeering his whisky. Stuff Redoubt had been stormed a few days previously, and a Canadian captain who had been among the first to enter the Boche stronghold, told of the assault. A sapper discussed some recent achievements of mining parties. A tired gunner subaltern spoke viciously of a stupendous bombardment that allowed little sleep and no change of clothes. Time was overcome easily in thus looking at war along the varying angles of the infantryman, the gunner, the engineer, the machine-gun performer, and the flying officer, all fresh from their work.

The train, true to the custom of leave-trains, was very late. When it did arrive, the good-natured jostling for seats again reminded one of the London to Epsom traffic of Derby Day. Somehow the crowd was squeezed into carriage accommodation barely sufficient for two-thirds of its number, and we left Arrière. Two French and ten British officers obtained a minimum of space in my compartment. We sorted out our legs, arms, and luggage, and tried to rest. In my case sleep was ousted by thoughts of what was ahead. Ten days' freedom in England! The stout major on my left snored. The head of the hard-breathing Frenchman to the right slipped on to my shoulder. An unkempt subaltern opposite wriggled and turned in a vain attempt to find ease. I was damnably cramped, but above all impatient for the morrow. A passing train shrieked. Cold whiffs from the

half-open window cut the close atmosphere. Slowly, and with frequent halts for the passage of war freights more urgent than ourselves, our train chugged northward. One hour, two hours, three hours of stuffy dimness and acute discomfort. Finally I sank into a troubled doze. When we were called outside Boulogne, I found my hand poised on the stout major's bald head, as if in benediction.

The soldier on leave, eager to be done with the preliminary journey, chafes at inevitable delay in Boulogne. Yet this largest of channel ports, in its present state, can show the casual passer-by much that is interesting. It has become almost a new town during the past three years. Formerly a headquarters of pleasure, a fishing center and a principal port of call for Anglo-Continental travel, it has been transformed into an important military base. It is now wholly of the war; the armies absorb everything that it transfers from sea to railway, from human fuel for war's blast-furnace to the fish caught outside the harbor. The multitude of visitors from across the Channel is larger than ever, though instead of Paris, the Mediterranean, and the East, they are bound for less attractive destinations—the muddy battle-area and Kingdom Come. The spirit of the place is altogether changed. From time immemorial Boulogne has included an English alloy in its French composition, but prior to the war it shared with other coastal resorts of France an outlook of smiling carelessness. Superficially it now seems more British than French, and, partly by reason of this, it impresses one as being severely business-like. The great number of khaki travelers is rivaled by a huge colony of Base workers in uniform. Except for a few matelots, French fishermen, and the wharfside cafés, there is nothing to distinguish the quays from

those of a British port. The blue-bloused porters who formerly met one with volubility and the expectation of a fabulous tip have given place to khakied orderlies, the polite customs officials to old-soldier myrmidons of the worried embarkation officer. Store dumps with English markings are packed symmetrically on the cobbled stones. The transport lorries are all British, some of them still branded with the names of well-known London firms. Newly built supply dépôts, canteens, and military institutes fringe the town proper or rise behind the sand-ridges. One-time hotels and casinos along the sea front between Boulogne and Wimereux have become hospitals, to which, by day and by night, the smooth running motor ambulances bring broken soldiers. Other of the larger hotels, like the Folkestone and the Meurice, are now patronized almost exclusively by British officers. The military note dominates everything. A walk through the main streets leaves an impression of mixed uniforms—bedraggled uniforms from trench and dug-out, neat rainbow-tabbled uniforms worn by officers attached to the Base, graceful nursing uniforms, haphazard convalescent uniforms, discolored blue uniforms of French permissionnaires. Everybody is bilingual, speaking, if not English or French, either one or other of these languages and the formless Angliche patois invented by Tommy and his hosts of the occupied zone. And everybody, soldier and civilian, treats as a matter of course the strange metamorphosis of what was formerly a haven for the gentle tourist.

The boat, due to steam off at eleven, left at noon,—a creditable performance as leave-boats go. On this occasion there was good reason for the delay, as we ceded the right of way to a hospital ship and waited while a

procession of ambulance cars drove along the quay and unloaded their stretcher cases. The Red Cross vessel churned slowly out of the harbor, and we followed at a respectful distance.

Passengers on a Channel leave-boat are quieter than might be expected. With the country of war behind them they have attained the third degree of content, and so novel is this state after months of living on edge that the short crossing does not allow sufficient time for them to be moved to exuberance. One promenades the crowded deck happily, taking care not to tread on the staff spurs, and talks of fighting as if it were a thing of the half-forgotten past. In a well-known illustrated weekly a recent frontispiece, supposedly drawn "from material supplied," depicts a band of beaming Tommies, with weird water bottles, haversacks, mess-tins, and whatnots dangling from their sheep-skin coats, throwing caps and cheers high into the air as they greet the cliffs of England. As the subject of an Academy picture, or an illustration for "The Hero's Home-coming, or How a Bigamist Made Good," the sketch would be excellent. But, except for the beaming faces, it is fanciful. A shadowy view of the English coastline draws a crowd to the starboard side of the boat, whence one gazes long and joyfully at the dainty cliffs. Yet there is no outward sign of excitement; the deep satisfaction felt by all is of too intimate a nature to call for cheering and cap-throwing. The starboard deck remains crowded as the shore looms larger and until, on entry into Dovstone harbor, one prepares for disembarkation.

The front seemed very remote from the train that carried us from Dovstone to London. How could one think of the wilderness with the bright hopfields of Kent chasing past the windows. Then came the mass-meeting of brick

houses that skirt London, and finally the tunnel which is the approach to the terminus. As the wheels rumbled through the darkness of it they suggested some lines of stray verse beginning—

Twenty to eleven by all the clocks of
Piccadilly;

Buy your love a lily-bloom, buy your
love a rose.

It had been raining, and the faint yet unmistakable tang sniffed from wet London streets made one feel at home more than anything else. We dispersed, each to make his interval of heaven according to taste, means, and circumstances. That same evening I was fortunate in being helped to forget the realities of war by two experiences. A much-mustached A.P.M. threatened me with divers penalties for the wearing of a soft hat; and I was invited to a merry gathering of theatrical luminaries, enormously interested in themselves and enormously bored by the war, which usurped so much newspaper space that belonged by rights to the lighter drama.

Curtain and interval of ten days, at the end of which I was offered a place as passenger in a machine destined for my own squadron. The bus was to be taken to an aircraft depôt in France from *Rafborough Aerodrome*. *Rafborough* is a small town galvanized into importance by its association with flying. Years ago, in the far-away days when aviation itself was matter for wonder, the pioneers who concerned themselves with the possibilities of war flying made their headquarters at *Rafborough*. An experimental factory, rich in theory, was established, and near it was laid out an aerodrome for the more practical work. Thousands of machines have since been tested on the rough-grassed aerodrome, while the neighboring *Royal Aircraft Fac-*

tory has continued to produce designs, ideas, aeroplanes, engines, and aircraft accessories. Formerly most types of new machines were put through their official paces at RAF-borough, and most types, including some captures from the Huns, were to be seen in its sheds. Probably RAF-borough has harbored a larger variety of aircraft and aircraft experts than any other place in the world.

My friend the ferry-pilot having announced that the carriage waited, I strapped our baggage, some new gramophone records, and myself into the observer's office. I also took—tell this not in Gath, for the transport of dogs by aeroplane has lately been forbidden—a terrier pup sent to a fellow-officer by his family. At first the puppy was on a cord attached to some cross bracing wires; but as he showed fright when the machine took off from the ground, I kept him on my lap for a time. Here he remained subdued and apparently uninterested. Later, after becoming inured to the engine's drone and the slight vibration, he roused himself and wanted to explore the narrowing passage toward the tail-end of the fuselage. The little chap was, however, distinctly pleased to be on land again at Saint Gregoire, where he kept well away from the machine, as if uncertain whether the strange giant of an animal were friendly or a dog-eater.

It was a morning lovely enough to be that of the world's birthday. Not a cloud flecked the sky, the flawless blue of which was made tenuous by the sunlight. The sun brightened the kaleidoscopic earthscape below us, so that rivers and canals looked like quicksilver threads, and even the railway lines glistened. The summer countryside, as viewed from an aeroplane, is to my mind the finest scene in the world—an unexampled scene, of which, I hope, poets will sing in the

coming days of universal flight. The varying browns and greens of the field-pattern merge into one another delicately; the woods, splashes of bottle-green, relieve the patchwork of hedge from too ordered a scheme; rivers and roads crisscross in riotous manner over the vast tapestry; pleasant villages and farm buildings snuggle in the valleys or straggle on the slopes. The wide and changing perspective is full of a harmony unspoiled by the jarring notes evident on solid ground. Ugliness and dirt are camouflaged by the clean top of everything. Grimy towns and jerry-built suburbs seem almost attractive when seen in mass from a height. Slums, the dead uniformity of long rows of houses, sordid back-gardens, bourgeois public statues—all these eyesores are mercifully hidden by the roofed surface. The very factory chimneys have a certain air of impressiveness in common with church towers and the higher buildings. Once, on flying over the pottery town of Coalport—the most uninviting place I have ever visited—I found that the altered perspective made it look delightful.

A westward course, with the fringe of London away on our left, brought us to the coast-line all too soon. Passing Dovstone, the bus continued across the Channel. A few ships, tiny and slow-moving when observed from a machine at 8000 feet and traveling 100 miles an hour, spotted the sea. A cluster of what were probably destroyers threw out trails of dark smoke. From above mid-Channel we could see plainly the two coasts—that of England knotted into small creeks and capes, that of France bent into large curves, except for the sharp corner at Grisnez. Behind was Blighty, with its greatness and its—sawdust. Ahead was the province of battle, with its good-fellowship and its—mud. I lifted the puppy to show him

his new country, but he merely exhibited boredom and a dislike of the sudden rush of air.

From Cape Grisnez we steered northeast towards Calais, so as to have a clearly defined course to the aircraft *dépôt* of Saint Gregoire. After a cross-Channel flight one notes a marked difference between the French and British earthscapes. The French towns and villages seem to sprawl less than those of England, and the countryside in general is more compact and regular. The roads are straight and tree-bordered, so that they form almost as good a guide to the airman as the railways. In England the roads twist and swirl through each other like the threads of a spider's web, and failing rail or river or prominent landmarks, one usually steers by compass rather than trust to roads.

At Calais we turned to the right and followed a network of canals southwestward to Saint Gregoire, where was an aircraft *dépôt* similar to the one at RAFborough. New machines call at Saint Gregoire before passing to the service aerodromes, and in its workshops machines damaged but repairable are made fit for further service. It is also a higher training center for airmen. Before they join a squadron pilots fresh from their instruction in England gain experience on service machines belonging to the "pool" at Saint Gregoire.

Having been told by telephone from my squadron that one of our pilots had been detailed to take the recently arrived bus to the Somme, I awaited his arrival and passed the time to good purpose in watching the aerobatics and sham fights of the pool pupils. Every now and then another plane from England would arrive high over the aerodrome, spiral down and land into the wind. The ferry-pilot who had brought me left for RAFborough almost immediately on a

much flown "quirk." The machine he had delivered at Saint Gregoire was handed over to a pilot from Umpty Squadron when the latter reported, and we took to the air soon after lunch. The puppy traveled by road over the last lap of his long journey, in the company of a lorry driver.

The bus headed east while climbing, for we had decided to follow the British lines as far as the Somme, a course which would be prolific in interesting sights, and which might provide that rare gift of the gods, an air flight over friendly territory. The colored panorama below gave place gradually to a wilderness—ugly brown and pock-marked. The roads became bare and dented, the fields were mottled by shellholes, the woods looked like scraggy patches of burnt furze. It was a district of great deeds and glorious deaths—the desolation surrounding the fronts of yesterday and today.

North of Ypres we turned to the right and hovered a while over this city of ghosts. Seen from above the shell of the ancient city suggests a grim reflection on the mutability of beauty. I sought a comparison, and could think of nothing but the skeleton of a once charming woman. The ruins stood out in a magnificent disorder that was starkly impressive. Walls without roof, buildings with but two sides, churches without tower were everywhere prominent, as though proud to survive the orgy of destruction. The shattered Cathedral retained much of its former grandeur. Only the old Cloth Hall, half-razed and without arch or belfry, seemed to cry for vengeance on the vandalism that wrecked it. The gaping skeleton was gray-white, as if sprinkled by the powder of decay. And one fancies that at night-time the ghosts of 1915 mingle with the ghosts of Philip of

Spain's era of conquest and the ghosts of great days in other centuries, as they search the ruins for relics of the city they knew.

Left of us was the salient, studded with broken villages that became household names during the two epic Battles of Ypres. The brown soil was dirty, shell-ploughed, and altogether unlovely. Those strange markings, which from our height looked like the tortuous pathways of a serpent, were the trenches, old and new, front line, support, and communication. Small saps projected from the long lines at every angle. So complicated was the jumble that the sinister region of No Man's Land, with its shell holes, dead bodies, and barbed wire, was scarcely distinguishable.

A brown strip enclosed the trenches, and wound northward and southward. Its surface had been torn and battered by innumerable shells. On its fringe, among the copses and crests, were the guns, though these were evidenced only by an occasional flash. Behind, in front, and around them were those links in the chain of war, the oft-cut telephone wires. The desolation seemed utterly bare, though one knew that over and under it, hidden from eyes in the air, swarmed the slaves of the gun, the rifle, and the bomb.

Following the belt of wilderness southward, we were obliged to veer to the right at St. Eloi, so as to round a sharp bend. Below the bend, and on the wrong side of it, was the Messines Ridge, the recent capture of which has straightened the line as far as Hooge, and flattened the Ypres salient out of existence as a salient. Next came the torn and desolate outline of Plug Street Wood, and with it reminiscences of a splendid struggle against odds when the 1915 shell shortage hampered the early armies. Armentières appeared still worthy to be

called a town. It was battered, but much less than Ypres—possibly because it was a hotbed of German espionage until last year. The triangular denseness of Lille loomed up from the flat soil on our left. As we passed down the line the brown band narrowed until it seemed a strip of discolored water-marked ribbon sewn over the mosaic of open country. The trench lines were monotonous in their sameness. The shell-spotted area bulged at places, as for example Festubert, Neuve Chapelle (of bitter memory), Givenchy, Hulluch, and Loos. Lens, well behind the German trenches in those days, showed few marks of bombardment. The ribbon of ugliness widened again between Souchez and the yet uncaptured Vimy Ridge, but afterwards contracted as far as Arras, that ragged sentinel of the war frontier.

At Arras we entered our own particular province, which, after months of flying over it, I knew better than my native county. Gun flashes became numerous, kite balloons hung motionless, and we met restless aeroplane formations engaged on defensive patrols. With these latter on guard our chance of a scrap with roving enemy craft would have been remote; though for that matter neither we nor they saw a single black-crossed machine throughout the afternoon.

From Gommecourt to the Somme was an area of concentrated destruction. The wilderness swelled outwards, becoming twelve miles wide at parts. Tens of thousands of shells had pocked the dirty soil, scores of mine explosions had cratered it. Only the pen of a Zola could describe adequately the zone's intense desolation. Those ruins, suggestive of abandoned scrap-heaps, were formerly villages. They had been made familiar to the world through matter-of-fact reports of attack and counter attack, capture

and recapture. Each had a tale to tell of systematic bombardment, of crumbling walls, of wild hand-to-hand fighting, of sudden evacuation and occupation. Now they were nothing but useless piles of brick and glorious names—Thiepval, Pozières, La Boisselle, Guillemont, Flers, Hardecourt, Guinchy, Combles, Bouchavesnes, and a dozen others.

Of all the crumbled roads the most striking was the long, straight one joining Albert and Bapaume. It looked fairly regular for the most part, except where the trenches cut it. Beyond the scrap heap that once was Pozières two enormous quarries dipped into the earth on either side of the road. Until the Messines explosion they were the largest mine craters on the western front. Farther along the road was the scene of the first tank raids, where on September 16 the metal monsters waddled across to the gaping enemy and ate up his pet machine gun emplacements before he had time to recover from his surprise. At the road's end was the forlorn stronghold of Bapaume. One by one the lines of defense before it had been stormed, and it was obvious that the town must fall, though its capture was delayed until months later by a fierce defense at the Butte de Warlencourt and elsewhere. The advance towards Bapaume was of special interest to R.F.C. squadrons on the Somme, for the town had been a troublesome center of anti aircraft devilries. Our field guns now being too close for Herr Archie, he had moved to more comfortable headquarters.

Some eight miles east of Bapaume the Bois d'Havrincourt stood out noticeably by reason of its curious shape, which was that of an enormous Ace of Spades. Around Old Mossy Face, as the wood was then known in R.F.C. messes, were clustered many Boche aerodromes. Innumerable duels

had been fought in the air country between Mossy Face and the lines. Every fine day the dwellers in the trenches before Bapaume saw machines swerving round each other in determined effort to destroy. This region was the hunting ground of many dead notabilities of the air, including the Fokker stars Boeleke and Immelmann, besides British pilots as brilliant but less advertised.

Below the Pozières-Bapaume road were five small woods, grouped like the Great Bear constellation of stars. Their roots were feeding on hundreds of dead bodies, after each of the five—Trones, Mametz, Foureaux, Delville, and Bouleaux—had seen wild encounters with bomb and bayonet beneath its dead trees. Almost in the same position relative to the cluster of woods as is the North Star to the Great Bear, was a scrap heap larger than most, amid a few walls yet upright. This was all that remained of the fortress of Combles. For two years the enemy strengthened it by every means known to military science, after which the British and French rushed in from opposite sides and met in the main street.

A few minutes down the line brought our machine to the sparkling Somme, the white town of Péronne, and the then junction of the British and French lines. We turned northwest and made for home. Passing over some lazy sausage balloons, we reached Albert. Freed at last from the intermittent shelling from which it suffered for so long, the town was picking up the threads of activity. The sidings were full of trucks, and a procession of some twenty lorries moved slowly up the road to Bouzincourt. As reminder of anxious days, we noted a few skeleton roofs, and the giant Virgin Mary in tarnished gilt, who, after withstanding bombardments sufficient to have wrecked a cathedral,

leaned over at right angles to her pedestal, suspended in apparently miraculous fashion by the three remaining girders. We flew once more over a countryside of multi-colored crops and fantastic woods, and so to the aerodrome.

Snatches of familiar flying-talk, unheard during the past ten days of leave, floated from the tea-table as Blackwood's Magazine.

I entered the mess: "Came in with drift—dud pressure—right wings fell off as he dived—weak factor of safety—side-slipped away from Archie—vertical gust—choked on the fine adjustment—made rings round the Hun—went down in flames near Douai."

The machine that "went down in flames near Douai" was piloted by the man whose puppy I had brought from England.

Contact.

SEPTEMBER A CENTURY AGO.

Few of us can remember a September like that of the present year and none of us desires to see another autumn of this bitter struggle for liberty in Europe. Things may not have moved in the West as rapidly as some lovers of the good cause had hoped, but they have moved to a harvest; there is a prospect of days when our civilization may at last reap security and new strength from the sacrifices which have been made for the sake of freedom. If men are ever to have their wisdom judged by their hopes, it is surely at an hour like this. Hope is a form of faith, and although neither hope nor faith depends on sight, on visible results and tangible gains, nevertheless both win and are designed to win confirmation from facts; both justify themselves from those facts of achievement which they have themselves helped to create in the outer world as they have acted on their principles and trusted to their intuitions. This is the position which we occupy at the present phase of the Great War. What has been done and won in the field, particularly during the past six months, enhances the moral confidence of those who have staked their all upon the issue. It enables them to apply Byron's lines to the immediate situation:

Yet, Freedom, yet thy banner, torn
but flying,
Streams like the thunder storm against
the wind;
Thy trumpet voice, though broken now
and dying,
The loudest still the tempest leaves
behind;
Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and
the rind,
Chopp'd by the axe, looks rough and
little worth,
But the sap lasts, and still the seed
we find
Sown deep, even in the bosom of the
North;
So shall a better spring less bitter
fruit bring forth.

These were September lines of 1817. Byron was in a sour mood against England, partly for private reasons, partly because he shared the suspicion and resentment felt by liberal-minded men against the reactionary policy after Waterloo. The earlier part of the year had been marked by the suppression of the Habeas Corpus Act, after the famous, or infamous, Green-Bag inquiry. It remained to be seen, Byron wrote to his friend Hobhouse in sending him the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, whether England had acquired anything more than a permanent army and a suspended Habeas Corpus. Byron doubted it.

Hence his rather gloomy lines. It must be allowed, however, that there was a real menace to freedom in September, 1817, a menace which was not military but political. The measures taken by the Government to suppress what was believed to be sedition seemed to endanger liberty; they were, at any rate, dictated often by fear, and fear is never more stupid and cruel than in the seat of authority. Things never went in England to the bloody extremes which stained the Bourbon restoration in France. Peterloo was bad, but it was nothing compared to the reign of terror which had lasted at Lyons all this summer, and which Marmont only succeeded in stopping early in September. Still, the position of English politics was critical enough. Mr. Thursfield, in his sketch of Peel, declares that this period was "one of the most disastrous in the modern history of England," and, as a similar crisis may soon be upon ourselves, it is profitable to note his reasons. "The Ministry were strong in the prestige acquired by a war triumphantly waged and a peace honorably concluded, but their title on any other ground to the confidence and respect of their countrymen was slender. They could not understand that methods of government which are tolerated during a prolonged struggle for national existence, become intolerable as soon as the strain of the conflict is relaxed. They did not perceive that new ideas were striving for expression in the national life, that new classes had risen to importance in the State." In addition to this, the economic situation was pressing on the lower classes with such rigor that political disaffection seemed to many to present the one chance of securing room to breathe in England. Distress and hardship seethed into violence now and then. This was the situation which evidently was in

Byron's mind as he wrote the fourth canto of *Childe Harold* in far-off Venice. We share his confidence that the cause of freedom will survive the storms of peace, for not the most pessimistic among us would contemplate the possibility that our statesmen after the war could fall as low as Eldon, Vansittart, and Sidmouth; but, meantime, we can say his lines over to ourselves, when Freedom is still menaced by a military tyranny in Europe.

Another English man of letters was in Italy. Landor, who hated political tyranny as keenly as Byron, was at Como, where Southey, the conservative poet laureate, had just paid him a visit. Poor Southey was in low spirits. He was still mourning the death of his bright boy, Herbert, and he had been vexed by the unauthorized publication of a youthful, semi-republican poem on Wat Tyler, out of which his adversaries had ungenerously made capital in the spring of the year. As Professor Dowden argues, "there was nothing in the poem that could be remembered with shame, unless it is shameful to be generous and inexperienced at the age of twenty. But England in 1817 seemed charged with combustibles, and even so small a spark as this was not to be blown about without a care. The Prince Regent had been fired at; there were committals for treason; there were riots in Somersetshire; the swarm of Manchester Blanketeers announced a march to London; before the year was out, Brandeth and his fellows had been executed at Derby." It was decidedly awkward for the poet laureate to be quoted as a firebrand, even from a poem which he had repudiated long ago. He defended himself, and he was defended both inside and outside the House of Commons, but the incident preyed upon his mind, and he went abroad that summer for relief. We can only

imagine the conversation between the two men on the banks of Lake Como, but Southey would not depart un-comforted. "That deep-mouthed Bœotian Savage Landor" had a chivalrous regard for Southey; indeed, he preferred him as a poet to Scott and even to Coleridge.

It was during this month, too, that Coleridge came into indirect touch with things Italian, when he struck up a friendship on the seashore at Littlehampton with an English clergyman who turned out to be a translator of Dante. The Rev. H. F. Cary had published his version of the *Divina Commedia* three years before, in complete form, but it had not won its way to the general public. It was a good hour for him when he met Coleridge, for the poet recommended the book in his lectures next winter, and Cary's fame was established. A third edition was required by the year 1831. So Coleridge was able to do more for Cary than another friend of the translator had been able to do ten years earlier. When Scott visited Miss Seward at Lichfield, in May, 1807, she showed him the passage in Dante, where Michael Scott is mentioned; and the version used was Cary's, for although the second and third parts were not issued till 1814, the *Inferno* had appeared in 1806. But Scott did not appreciate Dante. He told Miss Seward that the plan of the *Divina Commedia* seemed to him unhappy, and "the personal malignity and strange mode of revenge presumptuous and uninteresting." No one who thought thus of Dante would kindle over a translator of Dante, and Cary had to wait for the more sympathetic Coleridge.

Eighteen hundred and seventeen was, for Coleridge himself, a year of prose rather than of poetry. Perhaps it was during September that he wrote his lines on *The Knight's Tomb*, the

last three of which were to be mis-quoted admiringly in *Ivanhoe* three years later:

The Knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust;
His soul is with the saints, I trust.

Scott said he borrowed the verses "from a contemporary poet who has written but too little," and this made Coleridge sure who was the author of the Waverley novels. But during this very month a shrewd American at Abbotsford was already satisfying his mind on the same point. Washington Irving arrived at Scott's house on August 30th, and he spent the first few days of September there, noting the originals of Edie Ochiltree and Dominie Sampson, and feeling that "many of the rich antiquarian humors of Monkbarrow were taken from" his host's own "richly compounded character." Lockhart has quoted amply from Irving's charming account of his visit, but there is one incident which is worth mentioning, in the light of today. Scott showed his friend the tower of Bemerside, the baronial residence of the Haigs, or De Hagas, one of the oldest families on the border, and pointed to it as a proof that Thomas the Rhymer had been a true prophet when he sang:

Betide, betide, whate'er betide,
Haig shall be Haig of Bemerside.

The Haigs, said Scott, had retained their ancient stronghold through all the vicissitudes of the centuries. "Prophecies, however," Irving reflected, "often insure their own fulfilment. It is very probable that the prediction of Thomas the Rhymer has linked the Haigs to their tower, as their rock of safety, and has induced them to cling to it, almost superstitiously, through hardships and inconveniences that would otherwise have caused its abandonment." Irving's record of these September days at Abbotsford

is a model of reminiscences; it is vivid and personal, and yet it does not violate the sanctities of private life. One of the things which astonished him was that Scott could give so much leisure to his visitors when he was writing his novels. Rob Roy was in hand, and yet Scott "scarcely ever balked a party of pleasure or a sporting excursion, and rarely pleaded his own concerns as an excuse for rejecting those of others."

We left Coleridge and Cary at Littlehampton on the English Channel. In the first week of the month two ladies there received a letter from Oxford, written by their friend, John Keats. For Keats was having a golden month at Magdalen Hall with his friend, Benjamin Bailey. The two youths rowed on the river, walked, and talked to their hearts' content through what Keats called "the finest part of the year." September in Oxford is a pageant even for people who are not poetic. How it charmed Keats we may gather from his letters. If September was the finest month in the year, he was ready to give the same superlative to Oxford among the cities of the earth. He had been only one week in the place when he wrote to his sister that "this Oxford I have no doubt is the finest city in the world. It is full of old Gothic buildings—spires, towers, quadrangles, cloisters, groves, etc., and is surrounded with more clear streams than ever I saw together. I take a walk by the side of one of them every evening, and, thank God, we have not had a drop of rain these many days." The stream must have been the Cherwell, for Magdalen Hall stood close to Magdalen College. Keats was just in time to have the privilege of staying there; two and a half years later it was practically destroyed by fire, owing to the carelessness of an undergraduate. Neither Bailey nor he was idle during

this September. The one was studying for holy orders; Bailey became a curate, and afterwards Archdeacon of Colombo. And his friend wrote verse steadily. It is to these three weeks at Oxford in the September of 1817 that we owe the third book of *Endymion*, though there is not any local color in it. Indeed, how could there be? Keats and Endymion were at the bottom of the sea, for the time being.

As he boated on the Isis and its tributaries, Keats found time to read some poetry as well as compose verses. Wordsworth was one of his chosen poets, but 1817 was a scanty year at Rydal Mount. If Keats had only known it, another poet was boating and writing lower down the Thames. Shelley spent all this month at Great Marlow, partly to be near his friend Peacock, who was idling and composing there. Shelley, with characteristic generosity, was helping him financially; but his goodness extended beyond fellow-authors. The wretched lace workers of the district appealed to his compassion. His exertions on behalf of the poor at his gates are a shining page in his life. He gave more than money. He visited the sick in their homes, and it was his efforts to relieve the starving and diseased at Marlow which helped to bring on the breakdown of his health that drove him next spring to Italy. His poems show that social sympathy did not dry up his mind. He was finishing *The Revolt of Islam*, for example, as he floated under the beech groves of Bisham, or as he wandered over the countryside, and as he spent himself to succor his humble neighbors. "The changes produced by peace following a long war, and a bad harvest," says his wife, "brought with them the most heartrending evils to the poor. Shelley afforded what alleviation he could. . . . I mention these things—for this minute and active sympathy with his

fellow-creatures gives a thousand-fold interest to his speculations, and stamps with reality his pleadings for the human race." The record of his output for the year is rich, even apart from *The Revolt of Islam*, and we may assume that his experiences among the poor at Marlow underlay the lines:

Dark is the realm of grief; but human things
Those may not know who cannot weep for them.

Another fragment from the same period comes home to ourselves across the century with poignant force:

The fight was o'er: the flashing through
the gloom
Which robes the cannon as he wings a tomb,
Had ceased.

If we could say that today, it would be a happier autumn for us.

His infant daughter, Clara, was born on the second of the month. But his friends counted specially at this period. It is to Leigh Hunt, for example, that we are indebted for this account of his life at Marlow. "He rose early in the morning, walked and read before breakfast, took that meal sparingly, wrote and studied the greater part of the morning, walked and read again, dined on vegetables (for he took neither meat nor wine), conversed with his friends (to whom his house was ever open), again walked out, and usually finished with reading to his wife till ten o'clock, when he went to bed." He visited his friends, as well, particularly Hunt at Hampstead. If we look further into London, during this September, we see two people, a brother and sister, moving to a house in Russell Street, Covent Garden, "Covent Garden, dearer to me than any gardens of Alcinoüs, where we are morally sure of the earliest peas and 'sparagus." Lamb was only on the outskirts of the

Shelley circle, however. He agreed with his friend Hazlitt that "nobody was ever wiser or better for reading Shelley." But to mention London at all at this period is to think of Lamb, even though the main events of the month in his life were the preparations for the removal and the attempt, which he says he began on the last day of August, to "conquer that inveterate habit of smoking." He wrote, or at any rate he published, nothing in the course of 1817. Still deeper in the heart of London, Mrs. Fry was laboring in September at Newgate, to reform the women prisoners. But the crime of the city touched Lamb from a different side. No sooner had he got settled in his new quarters than he noted playfully one of the advantages of these lodgings. "Bow Street, where the thieves are examined, within a few yards of us. Mary had not been here four-and-twenty hours before she saw a thief. She sits at the window working; and, casually throwing out her eyes, she sees a concourse of people coming this way, with a constable to conduct the solemnity. These little incidents agreeably diversify a female life." Lamb had sympathy, but it was not given to him for philanthropy. "Neglected people in every class," said De Quincey, "won the sympathy of Lamb," but they had usually to be individual cases. De Quincey was not yet on intimate terms with Lamb. He was up at Grasmere, spending the first year of his married life, and happy because he had managed to reduce his daily allowance of opium to a thousand drops. That year was the most cheerful in his life, "though, I confess, it stood as a parenthesis between years of a gloomier character." Poor De Quincey! There was a young schoolmaster at Kirkcaldy who was often to speak of him thus, with a pity and affection which mastered his contempt for the little victim of

opium. But in September, 1817, neither De Quincey nor Carlyle dreamed that their paths would cross. Carlyle had come back after his summer holidays at home, saddened by the mental trouble which had seized his mother temporarily. Besides, he hated his work, and his love-affair with Margaret Gordon was weighing on his spirits. For him September of this year was as dull as it was bright for De Quincey, but the dullness was to open up and the brightness was to be overshadowed.

Carlyle was in his twenty-second year. He was to mould English prose into forms undreamed of by his contemporaries in 1817, but his work as an author lay all in front of him, unlike those whom we have mentioned in this survey, with the partial exception of Peacock. It was the same with poetry. On the fifteenth of the month, Byron wrote to Murray thus: "With regard to poetry in general, I am convinced, the more I think of it, that he [*i.e.*, Moore] and *all* of us—Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Moore, Campbell, and I—are all in the wrong, one as much as the other; that we are upon a wrong revolutionary poetical system or systems and from which none but Rogers and Crabbe are free; and that the present and the next generations will finally be of this opinion. I am the more confirmed in

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this by having lately gone over some of our classics, particularly *Pope*, whom I tried in this way: I took Moore's poems and my own and some others, and went over them side by side with Pope's, and I was really astonished (I ought not to have been so) and mortified at the ineffable distance in point of sense, harmony, effect, and even *imagination*, passion, and *invention*, between the little Queen Anne's man and us of the Lower Empire. Depend upon it, it is all Horace then, and Claudian now, among us; and if I had to begin again, I would mould myself accordingly." Fortunately Byron had not to begin again. Pope and Crabbe have come into a new kingdom since this September musing was written, a century ago. But the rest of Byron's misgiving was gratuitous. There is room under the broad heaven for more kinds of achievement than one in poetry, and, to say nothing of himself and Keats and Wordsworth, there were two little boys that month in Camberwell and in Somersby Rectory who were to do in a fresh way for Victorian poetry what Byron thought had been done once and for all by Pope. Perhaps there are youths and schoolboys this September who are designed to disappoint any similar fears that our literature has its Augustan period behind it.

James Moffatt.

MARY JANE.

Aye, there are some tidy farms in the County Armagh right enough, as I was telling you, and specially over by Lisnacoona you'd find a good few lying foreninst other.

There was Robert Kilpatrick's—he owned the biggest of them all. Him and his sister run the place almost

be themselves, for Robert was that close he wouldn't employ more men about the place than he could help, nor a woman indoors for that matter. You've seen the place where he lived, I expect—a big, yellar house, standing right on the road to Armagh, a good mile and a half out of Lisnacoona,

with the big slated barn t'other side the road—that's the place, right enough.

A fine, big, strong man, Robert Kilpatrick, hard as nails. There was no getting round *him*, and that's a fact. But there was one got round him in th' end, and that was his sister, and it's about her I'm goiag to tell you. A poor, broken-down sort of creature she was, with pale, dead sort of hair, and not much of that, and a small, white face. You wouldn't say she was intelligent or quick in the uptake at all; I've heard the neighbors say many a time it was a quare pity Robert Kilpatrick had a sister so dull and uninterestin'-like as Mary Jane. The poor creature, they said, sure it was the hard work of keepin' the farm together and working from morning to night had all the life took out of her, and made her the way she wouldn't spake hardly a word of an evening when the neighbors would be looking in. She kept the house clean and neat as a new pin, but when we'd be sitting roun' and saying what a snug wee place Robert had, and how lucky he was to be so well looked after, Mary Jane would be sitting in the corner be the fire knitting and never let a word out of her one way or the other. Ye couldn't make her talk.

But Robert here, he had the gift of the gab to make up for it, and he'd sit in his big chair in the middle of the floor and lay down the law about this, that, and th' other till there were some of us got tired hearing him, and wouldn't have gone back again only for the good whisky he kept in the house. He was a well-hated man in all the townland at thon time. Still and all, for the sake of the whisky we'd all sit round of an evening, and it's this sort of thing he'd spout at us:

"When I come to this farm," says

he, "it was nothing but water and bog—every inch of it," says he, "except for the three-four fields at the back here. But," says he, "I put me hand to it, and I worked and slaved at it to I got it drained and ploughed up and the crops down, and you wouldn't see," says he, "the farm to compare with it in the whole of the County Armagh," says he. "It's just hard work done it," says he, "and an eye to business, and a tightish hold on the money bag when the cash come in. That done it," says he, "and I'll defy anybody to find a better laid-out farm and a more paying one for its size than the place I've got here." And he'd glower round at us as if he was only waiting for one among us til spring up and contradict him to stretch him out on the floor. But he knowed rightly there wasn't one of us had a place half the size of his'n, so we all just looked down intil our glasses and said nothing. And Mary Jane she'd be turning the heel of her stocking, maybe, and smiling quiet to herself.

"And the new spray I got for me potatoes is the finest thing out," Robert would go on, "found it out for meself I did, thon spray, one time I was up in Dublin last June was a twelve-month. William Hannah was with me—it was the time of th' Agricultural Show—and I mind he was very scornful. 'You won't find these new-fangled things any use,' says he to me, but says I, 'I know what I'm about, William,' says I 'you trust me to make no mistakes.' And sure enough his potatoes all took and died of the blight last season, and mine weren't even touched."

"Aye; you're a wonderful man, Robert," old Patrick Healy would say sometimes, with a dry crackle in his voice that all of us heard only Robert. "A wonderful man is Robert," he'd say til me when we started for home

after an evening at the yellar house, "that is, according til himself. What his Maker thinks of him, and what Mary Jane thinks, is another, and maybe a less impor-rtant matter."

Robert was a wonderful politician, too. He'd hold forth be the hour on the state of the country, and how it was being ruined be Redmond and O'Brien working for their own ends, and how Carson was the only standby, and how it was owing to him (Robert) that Horner had got in for South Tyrone at the last election, ousting that lying rascally turncoat, Russell. Aye, he was a strong Unionist, Robert, although there was a good few of the farmers thereabouts strong enough Home Rulers in those days.

I mind one time Mary Jane looked up from her knitting and said she thought maybe the Home Rulers weren't all the liars and blackguards they were said to be, and Robert turned on her like a roaring lion.

"What, in the name of goodness, do *you* know about it?" he yelled at her. "You stick to your own wee bit o' work and quit worrying your head over the big questions o' this country. They'll settle themselves without your help."

"Aye, I've no doubt they will, Robert," says Mary Jane, and I saw her smiling intil the fire.

"I'm ashamed of ye, with the Orange tradition ye've got behind ye," roared Robert. "Your da an Orangeman, and your *grand-da* an Orangeman, and your brother an Orangeman! And you to talk about the blasted Nationalists as if they were angels of Heaven instead of the devil's own children, and they Papists, or else traitors to the cause their fathers died for!"

He was a grand theologian, too, Robert was—none better. A strong Presbytair-yan he was, and his father before him. And he had a tongue could argue you to Heaven and back again

in half an hour. I mind I traveled with him one time in the train from Armagh to Dublin, and he arguing with a wee Methodist grocer that lived in Lisnacoon. Arguing fine, too, he was—firing off Paul and Peter at the wee man's head, and shouting texts out of the Bible the way I'll be bound he was heard in the next carriage. He had the wee man dumbfounded entirely be the time we got to Dundalk, and when we come to Dublin he was lying all huddled up in a corner, too crushed and stunned-like to spake a word. But he took a hold of me arm when we got out on to the platform, and says he to me in a whisper: "Sure, he's a grand theologian, thon man, but kape me away from him in the future! Man, I'm afraid of him!"

The minister at Lisnacoon thon time was the Rev. Ferguson, and Robert was a great admirer of his prayers. "I doubt could I do much better in the way of a prayer myself," he'd say when we'd be talking outside church on a Sabbath morning.

There was one Sabbath Mary Jane turned round in the path, and looking up intil his face says she til him "Why don't ye ask Mr. Ferguson to let ye do the praying some Sabbath, Robert? Maybe, the Almighty wouldn't like it so well, but the people would be fine and edified."

"Wumman," roared her brother, "have ye never hearkened to what Paul says about weemin and matters relating to the church?"

"Och, aye, I've heard ye interpret Paul many a time on that same subject," says Mary Jane, walking on; and there were some of us wondered was Robert's sister as dull as she seemed to be.

Well, I was telling ye about the Rev. Ferguson. He was a fine preacher altogether. Robert liked him well for that. It was thon way Robert thought little of th' Episcopalian ministers

because they could preach none. Mr. Ferguson's sermons were the most eloquent ever you heard, especially the political ones, and they were nearly all that. Boys! to see him thumping the cushion and denouncing the Church of Rome the way he could be heard in the street was the finest thing you'd come across in the whole county. He had a grand way of putting his argyments—very near as grand as Robert himself—and he could quote from the Scriptures better nor any man I ever heard. "I'm not the man to be easy beaten by anybody living," says Robert til me oncet, "but, although I'm an Orangeman to the backbone, I doubt if I could put them argyments against the Papists better than the minister; though, mind ye, I think he's hardly strong enough agin th' Episcopalians."

There were some Romans lived near Robert's farm, in a tumbledown cottage a few hundreds yards up a wee lonin'. A poor couple they were, be the name of Quin, with more wee childer than I'd care to have the counting of. Peter Quin was an industrious man, and he'd ha' liked well to work on Robert's farm, although it was a small enough wage he gave til his laborers. But Robert wouldn't employ a Papist on any grounds—not if there wasn't another job for him in the length and breadth of Ireland. I doubt, anyway, it would ha' made bad blood among the other workers, and I don't say Robert wasn't right, him an Orangeman and Master of the Lodge, and all. We're staunch Protestants in these parts, as ye may-be know; still, it was hard enough for Peter Quin, I'll say that much and him a dacent man and finding it hard enough to find bread for the wee childer.

But there was one evening there Mary Jane was met be a cousin of me own going with a basket of eggs and I

don't know what all up the lonin' to the Quins' cottage.

"What's this at all, Mary Jane Kilpatrick?" says me cousin—young Mrs. Sullivan it was, William John's wife, over there at Lisnacoon—"is it you going into a papistical house?" says she. "Well, I never heard the like! Sure, your brother would drive ye out of the house if he saw you."

"He would just," says Mary Jane in her dull way, "but he's down at the hay in the meadows, and I haven't the least intintion of letting on til him I go to see Catholics," says she.

"And you giving good eggs and butter and all til the-like of them!" says Mrs. Sullivan, shocked-like.

"Might I ask ye to let me pass, Mrs. Sullivan?" says Mary Jane, still quiet and tired. "It's nobody else's business only mine that I know of. It's me own hens laid the eggs, and I've saved me own butter that I might have eaten. Peter Quin's a poor starving creature, and the wee childer are cryin' for food, and herself sits there with them all about her feet an' wonderin' what sort of a cold welcome at all there'll be for the one that's comin'. An' I'll take it kindly, Mrs. Sullivan, if you say nothing to Robert about the soobject, and ask William John not to either. I'm not the God-fearing Christian Robert is, and I can't see me Catholic neighbors starve."

It was when William John reported this conversation til us in Fox's public-house in Lisnacoon we said we wouldn't be surprised but there might be more in Mary Jane nor we thought.

It was long afterwards that we heard she had been quare and good til the Quins for months at a stretch, saving her food til give it til them, for she had no money til give them, Robert kaping the tight hould of the purse-string. I don't say her reputation went up in the place on that account. It didn't, for the Orange feeling's too strong, and some of the

neighbors said it was a scandal to be feeding a Catholic family thon way; still and all, for some reason, nobody let on til Robert.

Maybe you remember the Mac-Henrys, who lived in Lisnacoön thirty year back? Aye, that's the family. Always in debt, and a shiftless, drunken lot. They weren't much thought of when I was a boy, and the like of the Kilpatrick's wouldn't have naught to do with one of them.

Well, Joe MacHenry, the youngest son of th' old man, was different. He worked hard at his books, and was always thought to be a scholar. When he grew up he saw there wasn't much chances for him over here, with the Kilpatrick's and their like refusing til have anything til do with him or his family, so he just packed up and went out to Canada. I don't rightly know what he did out there—I think maybe he ran a farm at Calgary—but, anyway, he made a good lock of money, and three or four years back he turned up again in Lisnacoön, a big, smiling man, rich and prosperous-like. It's quare now, the way an Irishman will come back til his own country in th' end. I could name half a dozen men went from here years ago that have come back til die in their old home. There's no man fond of his home like an Irishman, I'm thinking, although often enough it's been a poor, mean place til him. Still, that makes no differ, somehow.

Well, Joe MacHenry, what did he do but buy up old Patrick Murray's farm on the hill, and not only that, but he pulled down th' old thatched house and built a grand new one for himself. My! but you ought to see thon house! All red brick it is, with large square winders, and he cut down every single tree round it, so you can see it for miles round. And he filled the sitting-room with the loveliest plush chairs ever you seen, and a

harmonium, and I don't know what else.

But, as ye may well imagine, Robert Kilpatrick wasn't just pleased to see a new big farm set on fut that close til his own. Patrick Murray had niver made much out of the place, but Joe had his wits about him, and knew all the most up-to-date machinery, and the best stock til buy, and so on. Robert was quare and jealous, I can tell you. Still and all, he made the great show of being in with Joe. It would ha' made ye laugh til see the two of them together—Joe fat and jolly, with a knowing twinkle in his eye, and Robert clenching his fists and setting his teeth, and making himself listen to ideas he had never held. For I must tell you Joe had come home with some strange notions. He was a Nationalist, if you'll believe me, and in Canada he had turned Episcopalian, and Robert hated him for both these things.

Joe wasn't often seen at the yellar house, it was noticed; if he was asked he didn't come. But maybe Robert couldn't bring himself til ask him. And after he stood up and withstood Robert til the face at Fox's public at the Summer Fair Robert would go miles out of his way til avoid him.

"You're a jabbering fool, Robert Kilpatrick!" says Joe, and Robert went home foaming at the mouth.

"I'll larn him!" he stuttered, "I'll larn him! Don't ye ever," says he, turning til his sister that sat as usual be the fireplace, "don't ye ever let me see ye passing so much as the time o' day with that low, rascally, foul-mouthed blackguard! Do ye hear me?"

"I hear ye Robert," says Mary Jane, in her dull way.

But it wasn't long after that Joe passed her one hot afternoon on the road between Armagh and Lisnacoön, he in his smart trap and she pattering

along in the dust on her two feet. And he wasn't backward in offering her a lift, nor she in taking it. They were seen plain enough; and I doubt it wasn't the only time they encountered other that summer.

One evening in September she come across the fields in her slow, heavy way, stopping to rest every now and then, and looking back as if she saw something worth looking at behind her. There was a bit of color in her cheeks, and her hair looked less drab in the evening light, and there was a strange sort of smile on her face. I saw her rightly, for I was watchin' from the kitchen winder, and I wondered had she been seeing Joe again, or what.

Robert was striding heavily up and down the floor of the kitchen, in a fine rage, when she come in.

"That lying traitor!" says he, "I'll have the law of him yet. The dirty trick it was!" says he, "and he'll be sorry for it before he's done."

You'd have thought Mary Jane would have asked who he was talking about. But not she. She just took off her shawl, set it up on the nail, and sat down in her corner.

"Built up a wall round *my* well, so he has!" shouts Robert, "the dirty blackguard! Says it's his'n does he? I'll show him! I'll not lave a stone of it standing in the next twenty-four hours! His well, indade! Too good for my bastes til drink out of, is it! Sure, I knew all along the sort he was, coming home from 'Merica with all that show! Cocking himself up among his betters as wouldn't ha' looked at him twenty year ago! I'll have it out of him; I'll soon make it known we have a traitor and a Nationalist in the midst of us! I wouldn't doubt but he's a Papist on the sly, with a praste ever in and out of his back door, like the rest of them."

"Joe MacHenry's no Papist," said Mary Jane quietly, "and if he was,

well, and why shouldn't he? Anyway, him and me's going til wed before many more weeks is out."

Th' old clock in the corner ticked away be itself a longish while to Robert got his breath back. Then he give a great shout.

"Wed Joe MacHenry! *You!*" says he at last.

"Aye me," says Mary Jane, picking up her knitting and smiling down at the needles.

"Not if I knows it!" roars Robert, "no sister of mine'll ever wed that rascally rapscallion as I'm going to take the law on next sessions in Armagh!" He stopped a minute, and his face changed. He looked at Mary Jane as if he'd never seen her proper before—and I don't suppose he ever had. Then says he, in a quare, weak voice:

"*You* get married! Sure, the man's mad. He might as well marry th' old cow out in the yard there. He doesn't know what he's talking about. He's been deceiving you."

"There's no deceivment in the matter, Robert Kilpatrick," says Mary Jane, with the same wee smile.

"Sure—sure, I never thought you'd ever be married," says her brother, all stumbling over his words. "Sure, you can't get married, Mary Jane. The place'd go to rack and ruin. The—the—och, you're joking. It's a put-up thing!"

"It is not at all, then," says Mary Jane. "Amn't I til live my life? I've found a good man as loves me, and I mean til have a try at doing it, anyway. I've put up with you for many a year, and I'm tired of it."

"Put—up—with—me? Wh—what do ye mean at all?" says Robert.

"You can go home now if ye like, Mister Connolly," says Mary Jane til meself, with the same smile.

Well, I went. It was the first word she'd ever spoke til me, and I was

taken aback-like. I just went. And, mind you, I had a different conception of Mary Jane from that evening out.

Well, her and Joe MacHenry was married, and she went til live at the red house on the hill. And, my oh! it was soon the different place entirely from what it had been. If you went there in the daytime you'd hear the churning, or the threshing, or the chatter of the milkers, or the farm-servant calling the chickens. And you wouldn't see Mary Jane stepping about the yard in old boots, looking gray and drab and weary. She'd be in the sitting-room all among the lovely plush furniture, knitting socks for Joe, and getting stouter and rounder every day. There she'd sit, without a word, good or bad. You'd think it was dull for Joe, and him used til life, but, however it was, he looked a happy man. Many's the time I've seen him driving in his fine trap to Armagh on a market day—a fine, upstanding man with round, red cheeks and merry eyes. And I doubt he made a dale of money, for either it was a new horse, or half a dozen prize heifers, or a silk dress for Mary Jane, or new curtains for the sitting-room—always something fresh every time you went to the house.

But something strange happened at Robert's place after Mary Jane's wedding. His cows died on him, and the pigs were off their food, and the eggs never hatched rightly. And after a bit, be the sight of things, there wasn't much money coming in. And there was the quare change in the house itself, that had always been so neat and clean. It got to look dirty-like, and all through-other, and the back door would be open to let the chickens in, and one way or other it wasn't the same place at all.

And Robert himself was altered. He had been a smart, fine-looking man. But now if you'd see him on the

road his clothes were all tore, and he sold his horse and left off going intil Armagh oncet a week. He got by and by to look a poor down-at-heel creature. He crept into church on the Sabbath, and wasn't always there, and he wasn't strong in th' argyment line any longer. As the time went on, he took to spending more and more time at Fox's public. He'd sit there of an evening till he'd be turned out, and it wasn't oncet or twice I've met him staggering along home near midnight. He got to be a loose, drunken feller, different entirely from he had been. I've heard tell too that he tried to get married more nor once, and the girls wouldn't look at him. That would make a man bitter.

The neighbors would sit and discourse be the hour on the subject of Robert Kilpatrick, and were never tired of telling other what a different man he was entirely, and how the farm was going to the dogs faster every day, and how another two acres had been taken over by Joe MacHenry and added to his'n, and so on.

"I shouldn't wonder," says Pat Healy in his slow way, "but it was Mary Jane kept thon place together. There's many a time I do be thinking Mary Jane wasn't the simple poor creature we took her for. She's maybe a bit more up til things nor we think."

Well, we discussed that side of the subject for a bit, and the more we thought, the more it seemed as if what Pat said was true enough, and we had a still more different conception of Mary Jane from then out; and be the same token, I've seen old Pat touch his cap til her all-or-respectful-like, and she coming out of th' Episcopalian church in her silk dress of a Sabbath, though I'll say this—I never got as far as that meself.

Well, to cut the story short, after they had been wed two-three years

or so Joe MacHenry took and died. Fell off his feet, he did, and the doctor said it was the bad heart he'd had for many a year.

He was the biggest and richest farmer thereabouts be that time, and he had the fine funeral. It was a holiday all throughout the townland where he lived, and there wasn't one man I knew would have missed it be a long way.

Robert was there, close behind the hearse, which was the odd thing, for him and Joe had never exchanged a word with other since the wedding. Still and all, there he was, all smartened up for the occasion, and so cheerful and hearty that it seemed to be his old self come back.

"It'll be the sad thing for Mary Jane left til manage thon big farm her lone," says I til him as we went back til the farm for a wee taste of refreshment like after it was all over.

"Don't ye worry your head about her," says he. "If a man can't look after his own sister it would be the quare thing."

"Do ye mean," says I, "Mary Jane'll give up the place and go back to housekeep for yourself?"

"I'm thinking that's the best thing she could do," says Robert, "although it would give me a dale of responsibility to keep the two farms running. Still and all, I don't doubt I could manage it all right."

"I don't doubt it," says I, and I left his side to tell Pat Healy what the words of him were.

"Sure, I thought he had something of the kind up his sleeve," says Pat, "the way he be's so hearty and all. I only hope," says he, "that Mary Jane won't be took in. But I doubt she will, the creature!"

Well, we got inside the house, and we waited in the kitchen there a wee while to see if anything would happen next, for we were all tired and thirsty,

and we wanted to know, too, what plans Mary Jane had for the farm, if she had any.

So we waited and talked about the crops, and after a wee while she came in at the kitchen door, looking much the same except she was all draped in crape.

"There's a tay," says she, "in the sitting-room for any that likes. Ye needn't wait except you like, Robert. Ye weren't one for coming here when Joe was alive."

Robert got up from his chair with all his old boisterous manner.

"There's a word or two I want til say til ye," says he. "I've been making up me mind," says he, "about things now Joe's gone, for it's a sad thing entirely for a wumman til fend for herself, and she used til a man at the back of her all her life. It's sorry I am for you, Mary Jane, and although Joe and me wasn't great, I'm ready to overlook the past, and I was thinking maybe I could make room for ye in th' old house, and we could join the two farms together-like, and I'd give the same care til one as til other. It's a fine mess a wumman'd be making of a farm like this'n, and I'm willing til say no more about things that has gone and past."

"Is that so, Robert?" says Mary Jane, in her wee soft voice, with no change of expression at all on her face. "Well, it's odd now, you coming out with a proposal of that sort, when I had one in me head to make til yourself."

"And what might that be?" says Robert, with an oneasy flash of the eyes.

"Sure, I was thinking," says Mary Jane, stroking down her dress and speaking in the same level voice, "I might maybe buy th' old farm off you. There's not much left of it, be all accounts, and it wouldn't bring you in much money, so I was thinking I'd maybe let ye go on living in th' old

house, with a housekeeper til look after ye, as ye can't find a wife. . . . And I gather ye'd be wanting some work to do, when you weren't sitting down in Fox's yonder in Lisnacoon, and I'm wanting a ploughman at the present minute. Maybe you'd care til take on the job. Ye'd have a good wage, for Joe and me was always ones til pay our people well, and ye'd have the opportunity of some talk now and again with th' other ploughman I've got." Mary Jane paused to reach down a dish from the dresser. "Peter Quin it is. He's the best workman I've got at the minute, but I doubt he wouldn't be too proud t'exchange a word with you now and then, even if you're"—she closed the door on the last word—"a street Presbytairyan."

My word! but he had got his own
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back at long last. Not one of us could get a hould of our breath for a bit. We just watched him away down the path and out of the gate.

"Boys, oh!" says Pat Healy at last, in deep tones, "yon's a tarrible wumman! I doubt if there's her like for cleverness in all the length and breadth of Ireland. And us thinkingher a poor, trodden-down creature, and all! It's quare the way a man will make mistakes of that sort—it's quare, so it is. . . . I feel I could do with a sup of tay after that."

And he hobbled out of the room on his stick. We could hear his voice, all humble and soft-like in the sitting-room:

"If it's no trouble til yerself, Mrs. MacHenry. . . . If I may take the liberty of helping meself til the sugar, Mrs. MacHenry. . . ."

E. M. du Plat Archer.

THE POLITICS OF WOMEN.

The political emancipation of women at length almost accomplished, has evoked from many simple-minded persons the anxious question: "What are the politics of women?" These questioners, only concerned to know how women will mark their ballot-papers, reject the balanced statements of the scientific investigator who cannot admit politics into psychology. One seems to suspect even a certain alarmed uncertainty respecting the politics of woman in the legislative decision—no doubt quite reasonable on general grounds—to restrict the number of women voters at the outset by raising the age of the woman voter, notwithstanding the fact that, both mentally and physically, women are more precocious than men, and should, therefore, if any sexual difference is made, obtain the vote at an earlier age than men. The supposition seems to have arisen;

Suppose that all the women voted one way, while all the men voted another, and the whole masculine sex was thus out-voted? Suppose that the question of war or peace were presented to the electorate, and all the women voted for war and all the men for peace, so that the whole of the fighting sex might threaten to join the ranks of conscientious objectors! The supposition was evidently too horrible, and it was decided to ensure that the women voters should be in a safe minority. Yet any anxiety on this account is altogether uncalled for. There will be time to inquire what are the politics of women when we have answered a preliminary inquiry: What are the politics of men?

At the same time, we need not ridicule an interest in the question of the political tendencies of women. If, as we may well believe, the feminine

organism, physical and psychic, is fundamentally different from the masculine organism, that difference cannot fail to affect even the vote. Moreover, it must be remembered that politics is a masculine, not a feminine, development, so that political tendencies and political cleavage must necessarily proceed otherwise among women than among men.

There is one definite feminine characteristic which we may often observe in the impersonal judgments of women on public affairs: the inevitable absence of those emotions of tender chivalry which dazzle the eyes of men where women are concerned. If one chanced to overhear a ferocious wish for the extermination of Germans, the women being expressly included, one will usually find that this (to a man) ruthless logic proceeds from a woman. In the fine book, *Gaspard*, which M. Ren  Benjamin wrote concerning the early episodes of the war, we are told of the susceptible French sentry who yielded to the pathetic appeal of a young woman to enter the lines, touched by the charm of her fluttering bosom. Later the sentry was shocked to learn that the fluttering bosom had been constituted by two carrier-pigeons. A few years ago a young woman in New York, condemned to imprisonment for a quasi-political offense, resolved to introduce the hunger strike into America. Friends and sympathizers outside were indignant at the outrage being perpetrated on womanhood; they even discussed the possibility of a rescue by violence, and at the expiry of the sentence they gathered to meet the victim, who emerged, to their consternation, in plump and excellent condition. What precisely had happened she never revealed to them; but, except for one recent case, nothing further has been heard of hunger striking. Now, the superintendent

of that prison was a well-known woman. One wonders whether, supposing that the Governor of Holloway Gaol had been a woman, anyone would ever have heard of the hunger strike. The rise of women to positions of authority, which political emancipation cannot fail to encourage, will bring in a good time for women. It may also bring in a bad time for women.

Yet against the absence in women of those disturbing chivalrous emotions which have so hampered men, and not in one direction only, in meting out justice to women, there is an influence of the reverse kind to be noted—the maternal impulse of women. Here we have an emotional force, with an aptitude for irradiation, which finds no adequate analogy in the paternal impulse, for the simple and sufficient reason that the organic basis of maternity is immensely larger than that of paternity. To more than one of the larger-hearted and larger-brained women among the advocates of the emancipation of women it has seemed in recent years that the special value of the feminine vote is the scope thereby given to the maternal element in politics. To ascertain exactly what this means we may turn to the record of the legislative efforts of women in Finland, where they not only vote but sit in Parliament. I find that during a year seventeen Bills, partly or wholly prepared by women legislators, were brought into the Finnish Parliament. These seem to me divisible into three classes: (1) the improvement of human (irrespective of sex) and animal conditions; (2) the improvement of the conditions, or the increase of the opportunities, of women workers; (3) the improvement of morals. It is a little difficult to decide under which of the three heads some measures should be entered, since the improvement of general conditions of living in some of the cases would specially

benefit women, while similarly the improvement of the conditions of work for either sex will often have an indirect bearing on morals. In the first, or generally humanitarian group, I count eight of the measures brought forward by the Finnish feminine legislators, and in the second group, for the improvement of the conditions of women, likewise eight, one remaining for the third or moralistic group. Some would doubtless have expected to find the third group larger. It may be doubted, however, putting aside the question as to whether Tolstoy was justified in his lifelong belief as to the moral inferiority of women, whether women are more attracted to moral questions generally than men. When they feel concern in a moral question, it is generally a moral question by which they consider that their own interests are affected, and such concern is obviously no indication of any devotion to morality in the abstract. But the important point to observe about these legislative proposals of the Finnish women is that, even where they are not specifically concerned with children (as in some cases they are), they may all, without exception, be said to represent, in the wider sense, the maternal element in politics.

These two opposing tendencies—on the one hand destructive of emotion, and on the other constructive of emotion—which we may fairly regard as marking the public and official activities of women in a higher degree than of men may both perhaps be brought into connection with what has been regarded as one of the fundamental psychic characteristics of women. I refer to what I have been accustomed to term the "affectability" of women. This by no means indicates merely a greater tendency to emotional sentimentality in women. I recall being present, some thirty-five years ago, at a public meeting to pro-

mote some philanthropic cause. What it was I no longer remember, and it is no matter; the one point that struck me was that, while the men who spoke mostly sounded a more or less sentimental and emotional note, the one woman who spoke—a woman with a career of high distinction—was cold, hard, precise, practical. "It is all a matter of £ s. d.," was the refrain of all her remarks. She was not an example of feminine emotional sentimentality, yet she still illustrated feminine affectability; for it is highly probable that the men who allowed weight to sentiment were also quite alive to the importance of money, whereas to assert the exclusive power of money is to allow oneself to be driven into an extreme of aggressive practicality which may become itself unpractical. Precision has been attempted in the presentation of this aspect of the feminine mind by a distinguished Dutch psychologist, Professor Heymans, of Groningen, who records the results of a careful inquiry into the political opinions of women in his instructive book, *Die Psychologie der Frauen*. Holland, with its high level of intelligent mediocrity, was probably a favorable land for such an inquiry. The investigation—which was part of a much wider inquiry and therefore impartial—showed that while among twelve hundred persons the number of women with any political tendency at all was much smaller than of men (one to three), extreme views were more prevalent among the women; there was a decidedly larger proportion of Conservative women than of men, there was an equally decided larger proportion of Radical women than of men, as also in the smaller group of Socialists and Anarchists; on the other hand, the proportion of Moderates was much larger among the men. Heymans finds these results quite in order; women, through dislike

of analysis, are attached to the old and conventional, but when by education or chance they overcome this prejudice their impulsivity drives them to the opposite extreme, while the tameness of an intermediate standpoint fails to supply their emotional needs. However correct this explanation may chance to be as regards the political women in a land where women are not enfranchised, there is one point, overlooked by Heymans, which prevents us from regarding it as a final conclusion. He fails to see the significance of the fact that a far larger proportion of his women than of the men had no views at all on politics. These, it is fairly evident, are those who, with the advent of enfranchisement, as they are slowly drawn into the political sphere by the influences of fathers or husbands or canvassers, will fill up the serried ranks of indifference and banality, forming a party of Nonchalance more than equal to the masculine party of Moderation. So that while the early stage of feminine interest in politics tends to bring contributions alike to the extreme Right and the extreme Left which neutralize each other, the later stage, by strengthening the unpronounced intermediate Center, neutralizes the whole sex.

We are not, however, reduced to mere speculation or even to reliance on the statistical records of women's opinions. The political enfranchisement of women is no longer of yesterday, and has been attained in many parts of the world. That its results tend in the direction indicated seems to be now becoming recognized. Whatever terrors its advent may seem to threaten, it happens, with this as with other political reforms, once the change effected, the dreaded terrors only arouse a smile. In Australia women have been politically enfranchised for fifteen years. It may be of some

interest, in this connection, to turn to an Australian book, *Time o' Day*, published not long since, which is regarded in Australia as "a national document of some importance," and so impregnated by the Australian spirit as to be scarcely intelligible to the non-Australian mind. Yet it is desirable to make a serious attempt to understand it. The young Australian author, Miss Egerton Jones, represents her heroine as an Australian girl who is setting down the essential facts of Australian life today for the benefit of her future great-grandchildren. She is brought before us as a Senator's daughter, and naturally records her experience as a voter.

Today is voting day. Such a beastly nuisance. I hate voting and I don't know many women who don't. It seems queer those English suffragettes should be so crazy on it; all women just about vote as their husbands or fathers tell them; female suffrage only amounts to giving the man of the house a few extra votes. It was so funny today, too; when I got into the polling booth I couldn't remember which men I had to vote for. Dad had carefully primed me up; but when I looked at the names I was bothered if I could remember which were Liberal and which were Labor. I thought awhile, pencil in hand, but I only got more confused, so finally I lifted the curtain and called out to dad, who was marshaling us all there like a harem, "I say, dad, I've forgotten who to vote for; do tell me again." You should have heard those polling clerks laugh, and dad was as mad as hops with me. As if I could help it. I don't care who gets in his old Senate.

It seems fairly intelligible. It recalls the famous declaration of Miss Christabel Pankhurst that "Votes for women means a new heaven and a new earth." We see that it may at all events mean, as a small instalment of that Millen-

nium, an increase in the gaiety of polling clerks.

It is an outcome of the political emancipation of women which should not surprise us. Politics has from the outset been so exclusively moulded by men in accordance with masculine instincts that it may well need a considerable amount of remoulding to the heart's desire before it appeals with equal force to feminine instincts. Yet those of us who have long regarded the enfranchisement of women as an essential part of our political creed may still remain justified, for, however,

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trifling its direct results may be, its indirect benefits are of immense range. Today more than ever, indeed, this emancipation seems an act of social justice and a step in democratic progress. Today more than ever, moreover, the social questions in which women's help is needed are becoming a practical part of politics. Even if there were less to say for it, the political enfranchisement of women liberates from bondage to mere agitation a mass of energy which may now be applied to the solution of the actual problems of life.

Havelock Ellis.

BRITAIN'S RACIAL KINSHIP AND SYMPATHIES.

When Germany was beating France in 1870-71, the historian Freeman described himself as "wild with delight." With sheer pedantry he spoke of the French as "Gal-welshry," and of the Germans as "Dutch"; the "Gal-welshry" were a menace to Europe and must be crushed; the "Dutch" were everything that is honest, simple-minded, beneficent. Further, with the mania of a man who is running a pet theory to death, he identified the "Dutch" with ourselves—"we must have back Elsass, if not Lothringen," he exclaimed. "We" indeed! But the position was typical of those who in that day and later chose to regard England as a mere German colony, and whose ideas would have been logically fulfilled at this time if we had allowed our kingdom to become a province under the heel of the German Emperor. It is pitiable to see a mind endowed with great gifts, like that of Freeman, so distorted in the presence of certain facts, so blind to other facts of totally different import. The truth is that our European relationship is far closer with France and with Scandinavia

than it is with Germany; while with Prussia there is absolutely no link at all. Prussia is half Slavic—a hybrid and perverted Slavism. Of the Teutonic tribes that invaded Britain after the Roman departure, the Jutes appear to have come first, from the district that is now Jutland; then came the Saxons, whose home lay between the mouths of the Oder and the Rhine. Following these came the Angels, from the district that is now Schleswig-Holstein. There were also Frisians, from the Friesland coast and islands. Apart from these were the Danes and Norsemen. Racial problems are intensely complicated, and the racial question must never be pressed too far; but if it is so pressed we find, so far as the Teutonizing of Britain is concerned, that the British connection is much greater with the Scandinavian branches of the race than with those branches which we now think of as German, now bound under one terrorism by Prussian military supremacy.

But a great deal had happened in Britain before this invasion, as a great deal has happened since. In prehistoric days we know that our coun-

try was literally Continental; into that period we can see little, however intently we peer through the mists. Nothing need be said of the earlier peoples, palæolithic and neolithic, except that these, together with the Celts that conquered them, undoubtedly arrived from the coasts of Gaul and Belgium. When the Romans came we must not suppose that they brought much direct Italian blood with them; the legionaries were chiefly Gauls, Aquitanians, Spaniards, Frisians, Dalmatians, Dacians; some even came from Mauretania, Libya, and Assyria. Racial matters must have been still further complicated by marriages or connections between these men and British women.

It is certain that the Roman occupation did much to civilize Britain; it is equally certain that the Teuton hordes did their best, as Grant Allen says of the Anglo-Saxons, "to stamp out with fire and sword every trace of the Roman civilization." Another authority, Professor Rolleston, speaks of their "great aptness at destroying, and their great slowness in elaborating, material civilization"—words whose sinister truth has been forcibly revealed today. But the barbaric force that had crushed out a superior culture had to yield in its turn to another power, more virile still, more alert, intelligent, artistic; William the Norman came, bringing in his train adventurers from all parts of France. We still speak of Norman blood, in many cases doubtless a misnomer, but none the less emphasizing the fact that our relations are with France rather than with Germany. During several centuries England and a large portion of France formed one kingdom.

But there had been an earlier link, of which the very name of Bretagne or Brittany speaks eloquently. To cross from Cornwall to Brittany, even at this day, is scarcely like a change of coun-

try; a few centuries since it did not mean a change of language. Cornish is now extinct, but if we wish to know what it was like we can learn from the Breton. There had always been a close kinship between the two coasts; and after the Saxon invasion Brittany became very much like an independent British colony; it had indeed been colonized from Wales much earlier. There are many records of this connection in old saint-lore; thus, we read in the life of St. Winwaloe that "the sons of the Britons crossing the sea landed on these shores at the period when the barbarian Saxons conquered the isle. These children of a beloved race established themselves in this country, happy to find repose after so many griefs." In a sense Britain was merely giving back to France what she had received from her. This saint, Winwaloe, has left his name, somewhat hard to recognize though it be, not only in the Cornish Landewednac and Gunwalloe, but in the Breton Landevenec; and it has been remarked by the librarian of the Louvre that all the saints of ancient Breton parishes were, with a single exception, British. This does not mean that they were all born within the British isles; it points to a wider significance of the word "British." It was the same connection that gives France its claim to a share of the great Arthurian tradition; and we know that the Arthurian stories have meant far more to European literature than that literature has ever owed to the Teutonic *Beowulf* or even to the Nibelungen saga.

King Arthur belongs to the Cymry at large. This is suggestive of another great certainty—that our own English literature has always been far more Celtic and Latin in its sources than Germanic. Carlyle endeavored to galvanize a Germanic influence, but largely failed. No disrespect is intended to the truly

fine things that Germany has done through a few distinguished men; Goethe and Heine, Schiller and Lessing are names not to be depreciated; while in music Germany has laid us under an immense debt. But for the forces that prompted our greatest writers, from the days of Chaucer to those of Swinburne, we must look to France, Italy, or to Celtic sources, not to anything Teutonic. Even William Morris was Scandinavian rather than German; and no other writer can be named who has notably turned to Teutonism for his origins, with the exception of Carlyle. Old Greece has been a constant well-spring of suggestion; Italy from Virgil to Dante has been a perpetual inspiration, to say nothing of her later glories; while between France and England the association during the past two centuries has been most intimate and most fruitful.

We have only to recall what France owed to Pope and Richardson, to Young, Thomson, and Macpherson's *Ossian*, to Scott and Byron; remembering, on the other hand, what England owes to Molière and Mon-

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taigne, to Rousseau and Chateaubriand, to Victor Hugo, Renan, Ste. Beuve. At this actual moment we are looking to France and Belgium and to Russia for the great things of literature, not to Prussianized Germany; and this apart entirely from the present war. Maeterlinck, Verhaeren, Rolland, Anatole France, Loti—these, with such as d'Annunzio in Italy, are the literary celebrities of the day, and it is with these that we find spiritual kinship. After the Teuton worship of a past generation, it is refreshing to think of these things, and to know that Celticism and Latinism have done far more for our intellectual and artistic culture, for our spirits and imaginations, than anything which has borne the Germanic stamp. In contradiction, Schopenhauer and Nietzsche may perhaps be mentioned. Schopenhauer was practically a Dutchman; Nietzsche was a Slav who detested Prussia. Only when Prussianism is crushed will the Germanic peoples perhaps once more produce a Goethe or a Beethoven.

Arthur L. Salmon.

THE SALT OF AMERICA.

The other day I came across a paragraph in an English paper—I think the *Daily Express*—containing a joke which gave me intense and unqualified delight. My delight was threefold. First, it was a very good joke in itself. Secondly, it was a very national joke, and I am particularly fond of national jokes—I mean of jokes which stress and exaggerate something really vital in the character or culture of a people, like the Irish joke about the penitent who confessed to killing a tithe-proctor or the indecorous Scotch joke about the entertainments of the town of Peebles.

Finally it was a joke which seemed to me full of happy augury for a great people that I have warmly admired and that is now our Ally.

I have always said that the cult of what Americans call the "High-Brow," though spread like a thin sheet of ice on the surface of the United States, though often dominant politically, and though generally enjoying a measure of public respect and deference which it certainly does not deserve, does not truly represent the real popular American, whose native smell and color, when you get a whiff of it, is something as alien from High-Brow-

ism as is the native smell and color of England that one gets in Shakespeare and Dickens, in the street, the inn, and the camp, from that Puritanism which has none the less hung like a cloud over England for centuries. I have also inclined to the expectation and the hope that the shock of the Great War might break that thin crust and release once more the peculiar energy and humor of this very curious and very remote, but very brave and happy people.

And now comes my paragraph which seems to foreshadow the fulfilment of such hopes. It concerns the recruiting posters issued in the United States asking for volunteers for Europe, and it mentions that one of the most popular of them represents an American soldier driving a bayonet through a ponderous German and bears the inscription: "Mr. Britling Sees It Through."

Now there is one superficial but not unimportant fact to be noted about that inscription, though it is not what I mean when I call the joke a particularly national one. It is an inscription which would not be possible upon a recruiting poster in England; and that for the very simple reason that, though the book referred to is an English book by an English author, and though the works of that author enjoy in England a wide and well-deserved popularity—as we count such popularity—not one Englishman in a hundred has ever heard of Mr. Britling. But in America the appetite for ideas is a popular and democratic one. I am not saying that this is wholly a good thing. When one examines some of the ideas on which that appetite gladly feeds one is inclined to paraphrase the words of Mr. Jacobs in regard to Old Sam's plans for making money and say "Silly ideas they was and the sillier they was the more the great American

people liked 'em." Indeed, High-Browism itself owes its importance largely to this characteristic national trait. But, good or bad, the passion for knowing the *newest* (if not the best), that has been said and thought is as universal in the United States as it was at Athens in St. Paul's time. Hence those extraordinary headlines to which the Editor of this paper (having been himself among their victims) has drawn attention, in which the latest thing in Scandinavian metaphysics is boomed in exactly the same fashion and language as a sensational suicide or murder.

That is one of the reasons why the joke could not have been a popular English joke: but it is not the special reason why it is so typically a popular American joke. Indeed, there is nothing more difficult to define or even to indicate in words than that peculiar smack which makes a phrase or a jest national. No one could think of Voltaire's jokes as made by an Englishman or of Dickens's by a Frenchman; though it would take thousands of words to say why, and then it would be said insufficiently. But if you will read again the best of Mark Twain and the best of Max Adeler, if at the same time you will recall some of those mordant historic criticisms which more than his eloquence or his policy made Lincoln the most American of American heroes, you will find in these a quality, a twang, so to speak, or an edge, which is also in the joke about Mr. Britling and the bayonet.

One mark one may perhaps note about such jokes is irreverence, and an irreverence which has about it almost a touch of cruelty. None of the American humorists are anywhere so American, or so funny as when they break their jests upon death. One remembers Max Adeler's incomparable epitaphs and Mark Twain's

remarks on the mummy. A recent example, where the temper is grimmer but the irony of the same sort may be found in the "Spoon River Anthology." It is a thing which many Englishmen and even more Englishwomen, not insensible to humor, dislike in the American humorists. It is, by that same token, a very national thing.

And to carry the analysis (so far as analysis is possible in such matters) a little farther, it will be found, I think, that this American cynicism is a sort of sharp "jib" or reaction against the equally characteristic American sentimentalism. If Mark Twain's pilgrim had been in a different mood he could have sentimentalized and rhetoricized about the Mummy for an hour on end. Mark Twain himself has passages of the kind, passages that remind one of the eloquence of Elijah Pogram, provoked by historical monuments and memories, much less impressive than the Mummy. But there comes a moment when American idealism, which, while it holds the field, is much less self-critical than the idealism of older countries, is suddenly checked or rather blown up by the explosion of American realism. That moment has often come in literature; it has now, I fancy, come in history.

For the kind of American idealism, of which I speak has, for three years, spread itself in an exceptionally expansive fashion on the subject of war and its horrors and especially of the dreadful wickedness of taking human life under any circumstances. American sentimentalism has done everything it can do with that theme from grave declamation to emotional popular verse.

Who dares to put a rifle on his shoulder.

To kill some other mother's darling boy?—

sings the imaginary American mother in that lyric whose popularity in the United States when I was there I noted as a symptom that American pacifism, unlike the English variety, had really gained some hold on the populace. It undoubtedly had, yet in that populace, so susceptible to idealism, there still lurked a quality of realistic irony, which only needed the touch of reality to become active and dissipate all visions that belonged to an unreal world. To the supposed mother's rhetorical question addressed to a sentimental America, the real America suddenly answers: "I dare. And what is more, I will put a bayonet on the end of the rifle and make him drive it right through your darling Prussian boy, so that his darling Prussian mother won't know him." It is a new declaration of independence—a rebellion of men against the moral tyranny of the High-Brow.

And in that connection there is a real point in the selection of Mr. Wells's book as the theme of the jest. For that book, patriotic as was its tone, was none the less fundamentally a High-Brow book. The young man who therein stands for America is a miracle of observation and portraiture; but he is an American unmistakably of the High-Brow type. Mr. Britling himself is so engrained a High-Brow that no reality, even of the most terrible, can cure him; so that the death of his son instead of producing even a healthy human desire for vengeance, only sets him off writing ridiculous letters to imaginary Germans about the exceedingly unsatisfactory God whom he has invented for the occasion. In the whole book a patriotic passion, unmistakably sincere, is shown struggling feebly among the mists and mirages of a false idealism. That false idealism has been enthroned higher and worshiped more

widely in America than in England. But there is that in the temper of democratic America which, while it permits such follies, permits also a revolt against them, sudden and potent, and steeled with irony.

In the last article I wrote for *The New Witness* I had occasion to note certain unrealities in Mr. Kipling's pictures of the British Army. Since I am none the less one of his keenest admirers, it gives me the more satisfaction to note here a point in his favor. Mr. Kipling has always had, as it seems to me, an instinctive understanding of America rare among

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English writers; indeed, I sometimes think he interprets the American mind more truly and sympathetically than the English. In a too-little known poem he has attempted to sum up that mind with all its complexities and contradictions and has proclaimed its humor as the ultimate salt and salvation of the whole

And in the teeth of all the schools
I—I shall save him at the last!

I think Mr. Kipling will prove right. At any rate, the "Mr. Britling" poster is a great improvement on "I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be a Soldier."

Cecil Chesterton.

"FALSEHOOD AND PREVARICATION."

The correspondence between the Kaiser and the Tsar which occurred in 1904 and 1905, and which has been published in the *New York Herald*, reads like a footnote to Mr. Wilson's objections to the Kaiser as an irresponsible ruler. Before going farther into the correspondence we ought to say that doubt has been expressed whether these secret letters are genuine; but we can ourselves see little reason for questioning them. They are quite in keeping with what we have long known of the Kaiser's character, and we are sorry to add that they are not out of keeping with what we have more recently learned about the Tsar; though, to be sure, the latter's part in the transactions shows up less discredibly than the Kaiser's. The whole correspondence, we are told, has been discovered in the Russian Imperial archives, and is an entire surprise to the Russian Government.

The two facts which stand out from the documents so far as they have been published are, first, that the Kaiser in 1904 and 1905 plotted to make a European ring against Great

Britain; and secondly, that he sketched a plan for violating the neutrality of Denmark on precisely the same lines as those on which Belgium was violated at the beginning of the present war. As regards the ring against Great Britain, the Kaiser's scheme was to induce the Tsar, over the heads of his Ministers, to make a secret treaty with Germany against what he called the Anglo-Saxon group. To appreciate the full dishonor of this manœuvre one has to remember not only that Russia was in a close alliance, with France, but that France had already entered into an *Entente* with Great Britain. France was not to be consulted in the matter at all. To keep the manœuvre secret from France was the very pith of the Kaiser's proposal. He well knew that if the Tsar laid the invitation before the French Government it would be rejected with contumely, and, further, that he himself would be exposed as a schemer of the lowest order. The Kaiser's object, then, was to confront France with an accomplished fact. Recognizing that she would never

consent with open eyes to so disloyal a transaction, he saw that the only thing for it was for Russia and Germany to threaten war upon Great Britain and prove to France that she must fall in with the scheme in order to save herself from punishment. For, as the Kaiser remarked, even M. Delcassé would have to admit "that the British Fleet could not save Paris." The plot as developed by the Kaiser is in the best Prussian tradition, being full of arts and devices for relieving himself of the blame and putting it on to somebody else. As the Germans have talked so much in their explanations of the origins of the war about the ring that was being formed round the Central Powers through the malice of Great Britain, it cannot be insisted on too emphatically that the Kaiser in 1904 and 1905 under no provocation, tried to upset the existing balance of Europe and to form a ring against Great Britain.

It is amusing to notice how this plot admitted of the introduction of commercial considerations as stray opportunities occurred. The old firm was still ready to accept orders and carried on business at the old address. The Kaiser foresaw that Russia would need more ships to deliver the foul stroke, and of course the German shipyards were very willing to build them at an appropriate price. In the midst of these negotiations came the affair of the Dogger Bank, when Admiral Rozhdestvensky, on his way to the fatal battle of Tsushima, fired on the British fishing fleet, and it was a godsend to the Kaiser. His hints, and his appeals to the Tsar's fears, became more fast and furious, and the more anxious he was to bring his plot to fruition the more alarmed he became that some whisper would leak out of his correspondence with the Tsar. One thinks of him at this

point in the correspondence as symbolized by a man in a slouch hat, a mask, and a long enveloping cloak. That is the suitable costume for one who seriously believed that he could accomplish this gross diplomatic chicanery of "bouncing" France—keeping a Republic absolutely ignorant of the fact that she was being sold and disposed of as the result of the personal caprices of two autocratic rulers. The Spanish Kings of the sixteenth century or the worst Bourbons could not have believed more firmly, or with more convenient theological invocations, that the peoples of the world were really sheep to be sacrificed to satisfy the ambitions of rulers.

The Kaiser's scheme for violating the integrity of Denmark in the event of any foreign Power (Great Britain, of course) attacking the Baltic, was as we have said, an exact anticipation of Germany's subsequent Belgian policy. The Kaiser suggested to the Tsar that Denmark might be brought to heel by conveying to her that, in the event of war between Great Britain and Germany, Great Britain would doubtless occupy part of Denmark. If it were made clear to Denmark that Germany, acting under the usual deadly law of necessity, would have to anticipate Great Britain, Denmark would very likely decide that her more prudent course was to give Germany and Russia permission to do what they intended to do in any case. The blame of course would fall on Great Britain. The parallel between this and the ridiculous German inventions about the preliminary invasion of Belgium by French motor cars is exact. Of minor importance, but not less shocking to men of decent habits of thought, are the Kaiser's "tips" to the Tsar for extricating himself from unpopularity or responsibility in connection with the Russo-Japanese war. When peace is being discussed he

tells the Tsar that here is a splendid opportunity for acquiring popular merit by seeming to seek the confirmation of the people for the deeds of his Government. In reality what he will be doing is to throw the odium of a very unsatisfactory peace on to the recently created Duma. "It would be excellent," writes the Kaiser, "as the first task for these Duma representatives, if you gave them the peace treaty after it is formulated to vote upon, thus leaving the odium of the decision to the country; thereby giving the Russian people a voice in the matter of their own prosperity." No man's reputation could survive the burden of all this revelation of "falsehood and prevarication." Still less can the ruler of a mighty people hope to stand long in his old relations either to his own country or to the rest of the world.

To measure the depth of the Kaiser's falseness it is useful to contrast what we have just learned with the famous interview with the Kaiser published in the *Daily Telegraph* in 1908. In the *Times* of a recent issue Mr. J. C. Vander Veer, the well-known London editor of the Amsterdam *Telegraaf*, reminds us that the Kaiser then said:

You English are mad, mad, mad as March hares. . . . Falsehood and prevarications are alien to my nature. My actions ought to speak for themselves; but you listen not to them, but to those who misinterpret and distort them. That is a personal insult which I feel and resent. To be forever misjudged, to have my repeated offers of friendship weighed and scrutinized with jealous, mistrustful eyes, taxes my patience severely.

As a proof of his long and earnest friendship for Great Britain the Kaiser
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informed us in the interview that it was he alone who had stood in the way of a European coalition to annihilate Great Britain at the time of the Boer War. Of course that type of Englishman who finds it quite impossible not to yield to an emotional appeal tried to represent to us at the time that Great Britain had behaved ungraciously, stubbornly, and vindictively towards the Kaiser, and that all that was necessary for the permanent peace of the world was to grasp the hand which the Kaiser held out, as one might almost say, affectionately. Others, who happily could not rid their minds of the many examples which history provided of Prussian cynicism, saw in the Kaiser nothing but what the French call a *faux bonhomme*. We do not claim that Great Britain had the peculiar honor of having alone excited the Kaiser's hatred. He would turn on one man as easily as on another. When he found that the Tsar was a little too timid, or a little too honest, wholly to fall in with his intrigues, he set about making mischief with fresh collaborators, and within three years he was boasting to the Austrians that it was he who had played the gallant part of a knight in shining armor and defended them against their enemy the Tsar. It seems like a bad dream that nations of respectable persons, earning their livelihoods and living their lives in accordance with the ideals and the codes of ordinary human beings, should be exposed to the irresponsibilities of such rulers as "Willy" and "Niki." More than ever the world will agree with Mr. Wilson that no country is safe so long as this kind of tragic burlesque in the arts of ruling is possible.

THE RIGA DISASTER.

Regarded purely from the military point of view, the capture of Riga by the Germans and their subsequent rapid advance east of it are important events. The Dvina line, with its lateral railway running at a convenient distance behind the broad river, was easier for the defense to hold permanently than any other on the way to Petrograd. The possession of Riga itself, under conditions of short-range menace, had for two years been of limited value to the Russians. But at least they were enabled to deny the use of its great port, its buildings and its railway junction to the invading enemy, for whom they would have constituted an invaluable advanced base. A single day's fighting which cannot have cost the Germans any serious losses, sufficed to transfer the whole of these advantages from one side to the other.

Politically the episode has an importance similar to that of the Roumanian defeat last year. It gives the Central Powers a sensational victory in the East to set off against their uninterrupted series of heavy but indecisive defeats in the West and the South. It enables their militarist rulers to re-gild the halo of success which still crowns them in the eyes of their own people. It ensures that in the peace talk, which must be looked for in this as in the two previous winters during the months when hard weather imposes a truce on the battlefields, Germany and Austria will be able to talk as the equals, if not the superiors, of their adversaries. One has only to recall the peace talk of last winter and the degree to which its whole tone and color were altered by the result of the Roumanian campaign, in order to appreciate that this last point is a very real and

important one. Of course, if the Germans push their success much farther, and, in the extreme case, if they push it to Petrograd, still blacker possibilities will have to be considered.

It seems certain that the defeat was due entirely to Leninism and indiscipline in the Russian 12th Army. It has been notorious from an early stage in the revolution that the Northern Army Group was the most demoralized by Extremist propaganda, largely owing to its proximity to Petrograd. Riga itself, with its large population of Baltic Germans, became a main center of army agitation. Last midsummer, when the possibility of Russian offensives was being discussed, it was generally agreed that, while one might be hoped for in the south and was not impossible in the center, the work of Leninism in the Northern Army Group rendered an offensive there quite out of the question. The Germans must have known this state of things at least as long as anybody else; and if they did not attack many months ago, the reason must be sought in motives of policy. They reckoned that a premature tearing of the Riga veil might rally the patriotic elements in Russia, and arrest the wider spread of the disorganizing spirit. How carefully they chose their date may be seen from their waiting till the close of the Moscow Congress, the results of which might have been much more in accordance with General Kornilov's wishes if his sentences had been punctuated by the boom of German guns on their way towards the other capital.

The early steps in the defeat, however, were taken before the Congress broke up. The first—the evacuation of the Russian bridgehead at Uxküll

—occurred early in August. It was due to the treachery of a Lettish battalion, for which we have not heard of any punishment. The second, and more important, was the withdrawal of the defenders from the advanced enfilading positions which they occupied near the sea. This withdrawal—a matter of several miles on a longish front—seems to have been “voluntary,” like so many others. It forfeited ground previously gained and held by desperate fighting under the direction of General Russky and General Radko Dmitriev, and it let the Germans come right up to the main defenses of the town. It was this, no doubt, which prompted the prophetic reference to the Riga front in General Kornilov’s Moscow speech. Yet the positions were still strong and still, as General Kornilov implied, capable of defense by willing defenders. Their abrupt collapse was plainly attributed in the official communiqués to the further misconduct of the troops. There has since been a contradiction from the Assistant-Commissary of the Government on the Riga front in a telegram to the Council of Workmen’s and Soldiers’ Delegates, stating that the troops behaved splendidly and were only defeated by the weight of the German artillery. But no big-gun explanation is tenable in the light of the distances which the Germans immediately covered—about forty miles in four days. Big guns can usually crush a particular position inside their range (though seldom within twenty-four hours); but they take a long time to move, and Western experience has shown that on a narrow front an advance beyond their range can always be arrested by machine-guns, if the will to arrest it exists.

It is well to try, in this matter, to see things as they are, not for purposes of recrimination, but to avoid our being caught napping and over-startled

by future events. We must all hope that Russia will recover; though it is not very just to those in charge of her destinies to talk as if six months’ military demoralization could be exorcised in a week or two by strong action. But put the case at its worst; suppose Petrograd to fall, and suppose its fall to inspire no effective rally of the Russian spirit; what then? Of course, such a development would be ground for profound regret, and not least on account of the prejudice which it would eventually work to the cause of democracy both in Russia and throughout the world. But on the military side we ought to recognize that, if the Allies had to carry on the war without Russia, they could do so successfully. Already throughout the campaigning season of the present year, they have had only passive help from her, apart from her brief and abortive offensive. By passive help we mean that she detains a certain number of German and Austrian units on her front; but the number and quality of these units is now low, and the occupation of most of them is such a “rest cure,” that to a large extent they can be and are treated merely as the necessary reserves to be drawn on for the Western and Italian fronts. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that the drain which Russia makes on her Allies for *matériel*, for skilled *personnel*, and for shipping tonnage is enormous. Military supplies and stores are poured into her month after month as into a bottomless well. For all the more technical services of her Army—not merely big guns, but such services as wireless telegraphy, armored cars, motor transport, aeroplanes—the great bulk of the *matériel*, and a far greater part than is commonly realized even of the *personnel*, have to be furnished from abroad. We are not suggesting for a moment that the Allies should

cut down this help. They will continue to support Russia, as they always have done, with the greatest possible loyalty, so long as she is open to be supported. But it is nevertheless the case that the vast resources supplied to her, of which at present she makes such ineffective use, would have made a great deal of difference to the offensive on the other fronts, if they could have been concentrated for use there. The accession of the United States to the ranks of the Allies was the accession of a nation with much more ultimate

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military strength than the Russian; and the development of that strength is not now so remote that we cannot afford to wait for it, whatever temporary setbacks may be experienced in the East of Europe. The prophets who said that Russia's recovery would take too long to affect the present war have had some confirmation in recent events. We may still hope that they will prove wrong. But it is time to realize that, even if they are right, the Western Powers can and should win the war notwithstanding.

THE SUNFLOWER.

"Have you," said Francesca, "seen our sunflowers lately?"

"Yes," I said, "I've kept an eye on them occasionally. It's a bit difficult, by the way, not to see them, isn't it?"

"Well," she said, "perhaps they are rather striking."

"Striking!" I said. "I never heard a more inadequate word. I call them simply overwhelming—the steam-rollers of the vegetable world. Look at their great yellow open faces."

"I never," said Francesca, "saw a steam-roller with a face. You're mixing your metaphors."

"And," I said, "I shall go on mixing them as long as you grow sunflowers. It's the very least a man can do by way of protest."

"I don't know why you should want to protest. The seed makes very good chicken food."

"Yes, I know," I said, "that's what you always said."

"And I bet," she said, "you've repeated it. When you've met the tame Generals and Colonels at your club, and they've boasted to you about their potatoes, I know you've countered them with the story of how you've turned the whole of your

lawn into a bed of sunflowers calculated to drive the most obstinate hen into laying two eggs a day, rain or shine."

"I admit," I said, "that I may have mentioned the matter casually, but I never thought the things were going to be like this. When I first knew them and talked about them they were tender little shoots of green just modestly showing above the ground, and now they're a forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlock aren't in it with this impenetrable jungle liberally blotched with yellow, this so-called sunflower patch."

"What would you call it," she said, "if you didn't call it sunflower?"

"I should call it a beast of prey," I said. "A sunflower seems to me to be more like a tiger than anything else."

"It was a steam-roller about a minute ago."

"Yes," I said, "it was—a tigerish steam-roller."

"How interesting," she said. "I have not met one quite like that."

"That," I said, "is because your eye isn't properly poetical. It's blocked with chicken food and other utilitarian objects."

"I must," she said, "consult an oculist. Perhaps he will give me glasses which will unblock my eye and make me see tigers in the garden."

"No," I said, "you will have to do it for yourself. For such an eye as yours even the best oculists are unavailing."

"I might," she said, "improve if I read poetry at home. Has any poet written about sunflowers?"

"Yes," I said, "Blake did. He was quite mad, and he wrote a poem to a sunflower: 'Ah! Sunflower! Weary of time.' That's how it begins."

"Weary of time!" she said scornfully. "That's no good to me. I'm weary of having no time at all to myself."

"That shows," I said, "that you're not a sunflower."

"Thank heaven for that," she said. "It's enough to have four children to look after—five including yourself."

"My dear Francesca," I said, "how charming you are to count me as a child! I shall really begin to feel as if Punch

there were golden threads among the silver."

"Tut-tut," she said, "you're not so gray as all that."

"Yes, I am," I said, "quite as gray as all that and much grayer; only we don't talk about it."

"But we *do* talk about sunflowers," she said, "don't we?"

"If you'll promise to have the beastly glaring things dug up——"

"Not," she said, "before we've extracted from them their last pip of chicken food."

"Well, anyhow," I said, "as soon as possible. If you'll promise to do that I'll promise never to mention them again."

"But you'll lose your reputation with the Generals and Colonels."

"I don't mind that," I said, "if I can only rid the garden of their detested presence."

"My golden-threaded boy," said Francesca, "it shall be as you desire."

R. C. Lehmann.

AMERICAN SHIPBUILDING.

Lord Northcliffe has done good service in emphasizing, for the information of those of us who are far away from the United States, the great things which America is doing for the cause of civilization. At this distance it is exceedingly difficult to keep in touch with the many activities of the Americans, and Lord Northcliffe—who is behind the scenes of them—can do much from time to time to help us. While we can read his articles with satisfaction, since they reveal the American giant fully awake, there is a passage in one of them which causes us no little uneasiness.

Lord Northcliffe tells us that Congress was asked on August 24th to vote £227,000,000 for the construction

of merchant vessels—an amount which at even the present high prices would represent some four million gross register tons—and then adds the chilling comment that shipbuilding is the one enterprise in which more might be done than is being done at present. "I have already expressed my opinion," he writes, "which is shared by many people here, that so long as the Allied Governments hide the truth as to the real nature of the submarine danger, the burning enthusiasm which Americans are putting into their air service will be lacking in the American shipyards." If this enthusiasm for shipbuilding be really lacking, as Lord Northcliffe suggests, then the outlook both for America

and for the Allies cannot but cause grave anxiety. For of what use is it for the Americans to spend £128,000,000 upon building a vast fleet of aeroplanes if the ships in which to convey them to France are not built? Of what use is it to set up the 16 war cities, which Lord Northcliffe so interestingly describes, and to train and equip men in their hundreds of thousands and in their millions, if the ships are not to be built in which to transport them to Europe and to supply them when there? Even at the best British shipbuilding cannot catch up with the submarine losses already suffered, and to be suffered, until the end of next year. We are depending upon American ships to bring the New World to redress the balance of the Old, and any suggestion that they will not be forthcoming in the necessary numbers, and at the necessary speed of output, cannot lightly be passed by.

Fortunately we find in the New York *Commerce and Finance*, a responsible journal, figures which go some way, at least, to counteract the impression made upon our minds by Lord Northcliffe's remarks. The Associated Press, on August 24th, gave out—no doubt under official inspiration—the Government's shipbuilding program. The total was put at 1,270 ships of 7,968,000 gross tons. This was in addition to nearly 2,000,000 tons now in course of construction in American yards, which have been commandeered by the Emergency Fleet Corporation. A
The Economist.

large part of the commandeered fleet and of the Government fleet is expected to be completed by June 30, 1918. The total cost of this program, together with purchases of vessels, will amount to 400 millions sterling. The contracts already let amount to 1,919,200 tons, about to be let 2,968,000 tons, under negotiation 1,281,000 tons, and miscellaneous vessels 1,800,000 tons. The Shipping Board has already received 110 millions sterling for construction and 50 millions for commandeering, and is asking for 80 further millions in the fiscal year to June 30th.

Our contemporary, *Commerce and Finance*, points out that the present American shipbuilding is at the rate of little more than a million and a half gross tons a year, and by January is expected to reach a rate of two million tons a year. The Shipping Board's program above described contemplates trebling the present rate of construction. This means many more yards on the Atlantic, Pacific, Gulf, and Lake fronts. It means the enrolment of workers in scores of thousands, and working night and day. Of course, this program of shipbuilding, which is designed to create an American merchant marine of ten million gross tons, exists at present principally on paper. Yet when the Americans move they move very fast, and they must realize that upon carrying out their program depends the issue of the war and the future of their and our civilization.

TO IMMORTAL MEMORIES.

It is related that when Queen Victoria reviewed her troops on their return from the Crimea somebody asked Lord Panmure, then Secretary for War, whether the Queen was

touched. "Certainly not," he replied, "who should touch her?" "But was she not moved?" persisted the questioner. "Of course not," answered Lord Panmure. "She had an iron

railing all round her." The insensibility attributed to Lord Panmure in this anecdote does at any rate reflect the official attitude in Crimean days to the claims of men who had fought and bled in the service of their country. The official pulse was quite unstirred; on the contrary, the official sympathies were under the most perfect control. They, too, were protected by an iron railing—of routine. Men who had fought at Inkerman and Balaklava were, in spite of the large fund raised for the relief of Crimean veterans—a fund not yet wholly expended—allowed not only to sink to the workhouse but to die there. That was how the fighting man was requited sixty years ago. Today we may hope that a different spirit pervades not only the nation but the War Office itself. That Department, however, is still a little slow in rising "to the height of this great argument"—the argument of a war demanding such unparalleled sacrifices and illustrated by such deathless heroism. The official mind seems painfully slow to grasp the fact that the proper pride which is aroused by what our Armies have done in this war is a great national asset which ought to be jealously guarded and cultivated. It is not only that the men who have endured and achieved so much deserve a special recognition. Their "people," who have given of their best and dearest, are entitled to some outward and visible symbol of the distinction which their sacrifice confers. In their suffering and their mourning they should have the consolation of some honorable memento which they can cherish and which the world can recognize and respect.

Take, for example, the men who fought in that "contemptible little Army" which faced such fearful odds in the retreat to the Marne, and again in the first Battle of Ypres.

There are not very many belonging to those devoted divisions left to tell the tale of their immortal achievement. But there are thousands of households from which men of those divisions went forth, never to return—households that are entitled to some worthy token, in their bereavement, of the proud memory that they cherish. Why should not some distinctive badge, like the star that has been from time to time awarded for special campaigns, be issued both to the survivors of the original Expeditionary Force and to the next-of-kin of those who fought and died with it? It has indeed been announced that a chevron is to be awarded for the Marne, but a chevron is both inadequate and inappropriate. How can it be worn except with uniform; and how, above all, can it be made a household possession, an object of family pride to be handed down from generation to generation? The badge must be palpable, distinctive, and capable of display, and the star satisfies such conditions better than anything else yet suggested. No doubt in due time medals will be awarded for the great war; but that is no reason why the special achievement of that "contemptible little Army," which bore the brunt of Germany's onset in the full tide of her might, and which is now nothing but a splendid memory, should not receive worthy and immediate celebration. Such special celebration is, indeed, not merely an act of justice but also a measure of policy. It tends to keep alert the sense of national pride, which is the secret of any country's greatness and capacity to endure. It is twice blessed—it honors those who receive such an award and it dignifies those who bestow it. No nation can point to a prouder chapter of military history than that which was graven by British arms in the autumn months of 1914;

and if its commemoration by posterity is not in doubt, an immediate commemoration for those who wrote the chapter in their blood and tears is none the less opportune and urgent. The official mind seems more than half afraid of acting on what should be a natural instinct in this matter. It shrinks from "overdoing it." The
The London Post.

misgiving is unnecessary. If it were possible to recognize too generously such service and sacrifice as is here in question, it would still be true that error on the generous side is much more pardonable than error on the grudging. But action should be prompt if it is not to lose its virtue and take the aspect of churlishness.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Any man who may be inclined to be a "quitter," and by reason of hopeless illness, sleeplessness, failing powers and the loss of friends to make, voluntarily, an end of it all, may be helped to a different conclusion by reading Louise Collier Willcox's little essay "The House in Order" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). This bit of human experience will suggest to him that the mere effort to do the things which ought to be done before he dies, and to set his house in order by fulfilling his obligations to those who care for him and for whom he cares will keep him busy and prevent him from forestalling his destiny.

In "Understood Betsey" Dorothy Canfield tells a story which will delight children, while at the same time it points a moral for their elders. Her Betsey is an orphan, brought up with exaggerated painstaking by an aunt and great-aunt, and developing morbid symptoms in response to their anxious expectations. A sudden change in her great-aunt's health sends little Betsey, aged nine, to spend a winter with relatives on a Vermont farm, where homely common sense does wonders for her. The child will be hard to please who does not listen breathlessly to the end of Betsey's adventures at the Neeronsset Valley Fair, and mothers as well as teachers

will find "What Grade is Betsey?" fascinating. Henry Holt & Co.

Gilbert Murray has brought together, in a volume entitled "Faith, War and Policy" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) fifteen addresses and essays on the great European war, delivered or written at various times from August, 1914, to March, 1917. There is no intentional sequence of thought in them, but, arranged as they are in chronological order, and reprinted without change, they furnish a certain review of the shifting aspects of the great struggle, as they present themselves to an observer unusually just and broad of outlook. In a general way, it may be said that anything that Professor Murray writes is worth reading, but these papers are especially so, for they relate to the deepest human interests, and combine high ideals with practical lessons. Two of them—"Herd Instinct and the War" and "The Sea Policy of Great Britain" have been published in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

A timely and up-to-date study of "Alcohol: Its Relation to Human Efficiency and Longevity" is contained in the volume by that title, written by Eugene Lyman Fisk, Medical Director of the Life Extension Institute (Funk & Wagnalls Co.). The author divides his sub-

ject into three parts—Alcohol and Life Insurance, Alcohol and Physiology, and Alcohol and Human Efficiency—and collects, analyzes and sums up the results of the latest scientific investigations. The conclusion which he reaches is that "If alcohol is the key that unlocks the door to the chamber of disease, degeneracy and life-failure (as the evidence collected shows that it is), we must hold it solely responsible for the results that follow its use. The only safe course is not to use the key." This is a conclusion increasingly sustained by the world's experience and the world's conscience; and the present volume is a valuable contribution to the evidence. Dr. Fisk's book is authorized by the Hygiene Reference Board of the Life Extension Institute, and is warmly commended in a Foreword by the chairman of that board, Prof. Irving Fisher of Yale University.

Few Americans have had a larger or more practical share in solving or helping to solve the problem of "The Religious Education of an American Citizen" than the author of the book bearing that title—Francis Greenwood Peabody, Plummer Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard University, and for many years preacher in Appleton Chapel. The problem, as he states it in his Preface, is how to conserve spiritual power, how to store it at its remote and hidden sources, how to keep it clear from taint and secure its abundant and unobstructed flow. Beginning with a consideration of the religious education of an American child, he passes to suggestions relating to the American boy and his home, the religion of a college student, the universities and the social conscience, the religious education of an American citizen, and the dominant traits of the American character, and

closes with a chapter on "The Place of Jesus Christ in a Religious Experience." Each chapter is of independent interest, but consecutive reading will be most profitable. The beautiful dedicatory poem "Now We See in a Mirror but then Face to Face" strikes a true and lofty note of religious trust. (The Macmillan Co.)

Dedicated to "An Awakened America," and especially prepared to meet urgent needs, "The Junior Plattsburg Manual," by Captain E. B. Garey and Captain O. O. Ellis of the United States Infantry, with a cordial and appreciative Foreword by Major-General John F. O'Ryan, is admirably adapted for use as a textbook in schools where, as in New York, military and physical training is made a part of the regular course, or in boys' camps, or in the training of boy scouts. The aim of the book is defined in the opening paragraph in these words: "Military training will give you a straight body, a straight mind, and straight morals, if you take it, not as a lesson in geometry, but as your first step in becoming an American citizen. Your study of Geometry, of Geography, of Latin, is to develop your mind. Your military training is to develop you into a patriotic, physically sound, upright and disciplined citizen." Keeping this high and useful aim in mind, the authors describe clearly, and in detail the training of the soldier, the squad and the company, target practice, scouting and patrolling, marching and camping, first aid to the injured, rifle exercises, and signals and codes; and more than 250 illustrations, scattered through the book, picture the right and the wrong way of following out the instructions. (The Century Co.)